ATLER

Vol. CXLVI. No. 1896

London October 27, 1937







all over the world



HALTfor clean flavour!





DINNEFORD'S

For more than a hundred years DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA has been universally recommended by doctors and nurses as the safe, sure and gentle remedy for Acidity, Heartburn, Constipation and other digestive troubles. Now DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA is available in Tablets as well as the original Fluid.

Fluid Magnesia Magnesia Tablets



wild and woolly

He's playing a wild game, but he's wearing very civilised clothes-particularly his vest and pants, which represent a notable triumph of civilisation in their refinement of the exuberant woolliness of untamed wool into the indescribable fleecy softness which is Pesco Pure Wool Underwear.



Pesco Underwear, Sportswear and Hosiery are obtainable from Outfitters everywhere. of nearest Agents on request.

*All Pesco garments carry this mark







sides, 7/6 and 10/6 pair.

Please send Pattern of Hair.

Makers' Prices.

MADAME T. CHARLES

PHONE: Museum 1313 (P.O. Box 738)

INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD.,

9, Newman Street, London, W.1.

Madame Charles is in attendance each day and will be very pleased to see and advis Ladies FREE PRIVATE SHOWROOMS

DEPRESSION-

Insomnia, Inferiority Complex, Clau-strophobia Lack of Concentration, and other disorders. Consultations by appointment.

CECIL DUDLEY PSYCHOTHERAPIST

1-b, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Paddington 3960

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery, and other juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert drugs in the promotion of full-blooded vitality. 3d. for postage will bring descriptive booklet from J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 2, Artesian Rd., London, W.2. Mention Biogold Juices T.1

The perfect Beauty Box for every woman—no larger than a cigarette case but contains complete Beauty outfit—from a comb to 'make-up.' Lovely ename! case and choice of 6 colours—Lacquer Red, Ivory, Blue, Wine, Black, Jade Green. Contents are in 3 cosmetic shades—light, medium and dark.

The Cosmetist, fashion's greatest novelty, is filled with highest quality Fifth Avenue cosmetics—Lipstick, Cleansing Cream, Foundation Cream, Powder, Rouge—also built-in mirror, comb, powder-puff.



Obtainable from Boots, Heppells, Timothy Whites, Taylors, chemists, good hairdressers and stores. In case of difficulty write for descriptive leaflet to

FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS, 10, CARLISLE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.

WE BRING THE BLACK FOREST INTO YOUR BATHROOM.

HILDENBRAND GENUINE NEEDLE MILK FOR YOUR BATH. From all Perfumers, Chemists, Stores, Fortnum & Mason, Marshall & Snelgrove, Lewis & Burrows, Selfridges, Heppells, Boots, Taylors.

1/-, 3/-, 5/6, 9/6, 18/- bottles.

HILDENBRAND, 58 Broadwick St., London, W.1.



SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

PRICES FROM

ONE GUINEA

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

PETERSCOTT & CO.LTD. (DEPT.27). HAWICK. SCOTLAND

THATLER

999

Vol. CXLVI. No. 1896. London, October 27, 1937

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 14d.; Foreign, 4d. Price One Shilling





H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER CORGI

This very attractive photograph was taken at Glamis Castle, where Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret spent a fortnight with their maternal grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, after being two months at Balmoral. The Heir-Presumptive to the Throne and her sister returned to Buckingham Palace last week, and are now once again busy with lesson books, under the tutelage of an English and a French governess. The little Princesses have both lately been enrolled as Girl Guides, in a special company formed of their personal friends, and they find this new play-time occupation very absorbing

And the World said -





LORD HAWKE AND HIS GUESTS AT NORTH BERWICK

Ralmann

That famous Yorkshireman, Lord Hawke, Hon. Treasurer of the M.C.C., enthusiastic That famous Yorkshireman, Lord Hawke, Hon. Treasurer of the M.C.C., enthusiastic golfer and kindliest of hosts, delights to entertain his friends either in Belgrave Square or at Glasclune, his house at North Berwick. The M.C.C. was strongly represented in the big party above. It consists of, from left: Lady Lacey, Lord Hawke, Lt.-Colonel Christopher Heseltine, member of the M.C.C. Committee, Sir Francis Lacey, Secretary 1898–1926, Mr. W. Findlay, Secretary 1926–36, Mrs. Findlay, Lt.-Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr, the present Secretary, and Mr. John Walker, son of Lady Lacey and the late Mr. Campbell Walker

MISS MABEL LOVE AND MRS. HOWARD WYNDHAM AT A RECENT FIRST NIGHT

Miss Mabel Love's picture will stir the memories of a good many people for she was the toast of all London in the early 'nineties and an actress of infinite charm. She made her of infinite charm. She made her first appearance on the stage in London at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1886, and most appropriately played the part of the Rose in the first production of Alice in Wonderland. To recapitulate the subsequent story of her brilliant career would demand a whole volume. Mrs. Howard Wyndham is the wife of the well-known theatrical manager, Mr. Howard Wyndham, son of the great Sir Charles Wyndham, and joint Managing-Director of the Wyndham Theatres Ltd. Theatres Ltd.

THIS is better than the pictures," said Jack Hulbert after fourteen curtains on the Hippodrome first night. He meant the reception and we meant the show, and for three throaty seconds everyone, not excepting Mr. Ostrer, experienced that exhilaration which no celluloid entertainment can ever hope to create; the impact of a living flesh and blood success on a £1,000 house, horny handed from applauding more or less continuously for three light-as opposed to solid-hours. Humming "You're My Lovely," the celebrities reluctantly de-parted. A particularly harddeboiled baronet was heard to say,



LADY PAMELA BERRY AND ADRIAN MICHAEL The baby son of the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry, who was born in June, was christened last week at Gray's Inn Chapel, by special permission of the Benchers. His godparents, five strong, include his uncle, the Hon. Seymour Berry, Lady Queensberry, Professor Lindemann, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward. The marriage of Lord Camrose's second son to Lord Birkenhead's younger sister took place in January, 1936

in a six-year-old voice, "I wish it would begin again," which suggests that "Hide and Seek" may revive the "every nighters," or even the Stage Door Johnnies who waited with such panache in the days when Miss Mabel Love's postcard decorated every shaving mirror. Miss Love was present, also Lady ("Vesta Tilley") de Frece; Dame Marie Tempest with her regular first-night with her regular hist-night escort, Hector ("Edward VIII") Bolitho; Lady Headfort with her green bandeau; Dorothy Ward with husband Shaun Glenville; Douglas Byng with pretty-as-her-pictures Iris Marsh; the Duchess of Westminster and Sir Anthony Weldon; Claude Hulbert and Mrs. Bobby Howes receiving compliments for their respective families; the Doverdales, who never miss a first night, and Sir George and Lady Albu, who rarely see one here, their home being a show place outside Johannesburg in the Union of South Africa.

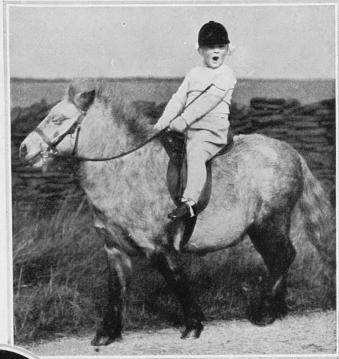
Opposite the other end of that considerable continent rears the British lion rampant: Gibraltar, where the return of Lady Harington, "Paddy" to the privileged, was the signal for a social revival. She is the popular

immensely Joint-Master of the Calpé Hunt. Its activities are now suspended owing to the war, which has

many repercussions on Rock life. However, "Pep" Imossi—bearer of a name well known in those parts—managed to give a really good party in honour of Helen Lockhead and family, who have since left, to the general regret, which also applies to Lord Bute, a local laird, who went home for his son's wedding. Mrs. Rupert Sherbrooke, wife of that attractive sailor, and Miss Margaret Brackenbury, member of the military Lincolnshire clan, were in good form on this party, the latter full of her expedition into Spain. There is much rejoicing over the release of four members of Nurse Cavell's calling—Pépi de Llano's sister, also the daughter-in-law of Primo de Rivera and her two sisters, relations by marriage of the former Jean Hore-Ruthven, whose husband, Don Francisco Larios, is fighting for Franco. These four young nurses have been imprisoned by the Reds for periods ranging from three to thirteen months in conditions better left to the imagination. The name Larios has been connected with the Calpé Hunt for years. Dona Jean Larios comes to Gibraltar pretty regularly from her charming house, El Canuto, near Algeciras, in search of a little company among her "ain" folk. Less known than her sisters, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Peter (Pan) Davies and Mrs. John Barran, she is no less individual.

Individuality is said to be lacking in contemporaries, but, happily for the future of humanity, it is still encouraged by what Mr. Churchill calls the Parliamentary nations—France, the U.S. and the British Empire. These islands have bred a chain of eccentrics beginning with that entêté customer, Canute.

Look at Mr. Churchill himself, apart from his hats. There he was at the Wanstead and Woodford Charter Celebrations, on his home ground, twitting Mr. MacDonald père, who proposed a vote of thanks to the Duke of Gloucester for opening the Ashton Pavilion and playing fields. But Ramsay was not to be drawn, though smiles flitted across his face like mists on his native braes. He said how sorry we all were not to see the Duchess, and hoped her absence was only her "guid Scottish caution." The Duke, looking fighting fit as he always does, delivered a short speech firmly, and got down to the business of looking everything over with Mr. Hubert Ashton, the North of England philanthropist, who, as "godfather," seemed the shyest man there. The Pavilion, which can also be used as a child welfare clinic (some sense at last), is provided with showers and



Charles E. Brown
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Wendy Hanson, highly excited at going hunting with the Rockwood Harriers, when they opened their season last week. These West Riding Harriers hunt part of the Badsworth country, and their senior Joint-Master, Miss Lumb, has a particularly kindly feeling for enthusiastic young followers

novel comforts our American kin have enjoyed for half a century. Apropos of the Health Campaign, Winston teased the two schools of thought, one advocating "Physical fitness," the other "Physical fatness," and then bestowed a bouquet on each. The subsequent football match was much enlivened by being played to the music of a Household Brigade band, this being a ballet-minded

generation, but the best moment in a strenuous afternoon of well-doing was the ode of welcome sung by the Lord Mayor's Boy Players, dressed in Tudor ruffs, black velvet caps with white feathers and strawberry tunics. They eclipsed the Scouts and Guides as an Elizabethan masque would any neo-Georgian party, the opening of Parliament not excepted.

The opening of Jacques-Emile Blanche's exhibition at Tooths' was almost as interesting socially as æsthetically. Charming Lady Anglesey came

to see the picture of charming "Lady Marjorie Manners at Belvoir." Lady Oxford, toqued in mole velvet and barrel-muffed, clung admiringly to the cher maître's arm. "Stormy Morning at Dieppe" and "Regent Street in 1909" so enchanted Mrs. Everard Gates that she paid two long visits in one day, and a low-crowned hat, a relief after so many Alpine attempts. Lady Barton, wife of Sir Sidney, of Addis Ababa; M. André Corbin and Baron Franckenstein in their most ambassadorial moods; that sparkling, cultured Lady Bonham-Carter, who was Charlotte Ogilvy; Stephen Runciman, literary son of a brainy father; Lady Reading, whose blue hat lightened the all blacks; Lady Malcolm, returned from Paris; Lord Howland, aiming at Cambridge; and authoress Anne Bridge were among cognoscenti. The last-named has written "Enchanter's Nightshade," the Book Society's November



DIANA WYNYARD

One of England's most brilliant young actresses photographed in her dressing-room at a rehearsal of Gilbert Miller's forthcoming production, The Silver Knight. Miss Wynyard, who, it will be observed, now has a new style of hairdressing, made a huge hit recently as Eliza Doolittle in the revival of Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion at the Old Vic

Canache

A MEETING IN HYDE PARK

The Hon. George Ward, Mrs. Julie Thompson, the Hon. Edward Ward and Mrs. Archie Campbell forgathered for conversation while Sir Guy Campbell's sister-in-law "minds" her son Colin's bicycle. Lord Dudley's twin brothers, "Eddie" and "Geordie" for short, had King Edward VII and King George V as their respective godfathers

And the World said-continued

choice. I hope it lives up to "Illyrian Spring," and that her forthcoming visit to Mexico City, where her husband is the

newly appointed British Minister, will produce a "Mexican Spring." Anne Bridge, alias Mrs. Owen O'Malley, named her pen after Bridge End, her Queen Anne cottage near Ockham. Also admiring this delicious exhibition was that great and lasting beauty, Lady D'Abernon, whom another generation of skaters knew as Lady Helen Vincent, the Miss Gweneth Butler of her day; an era when figure-skating, at which Gweneth excels, was far more important than mere "free," then in its infancy and now, due to Sonja Henie's incomparable acrobatics, held indispensable. Captain T. D. Richard son, the best British pair-skater for many seasons, known to the Engadine as "Tike," is so making films is so busy with the Tennyson d'Evncourt twins (Oh! girls! what good-lookers) and Sir John Brown, of British Legion renown, that he hardly ever puts on skates, which is bad luck



LORD AND LADY JOCELYN

Whose marriage took place on Thursday at St. Margaret's. Lieut. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden, of Tullymore Park, County Down. His bride, the former Miss Clodagh Kennedy, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy is very well known in County Kildare, and Ireland contributed a particularly strong contingent of wedding guests

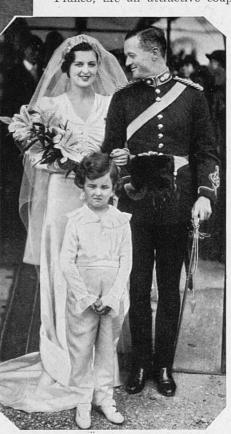
for beginners whom he encouraged with sharp but kindly Yorkshire comment worth twenty lessons. Their new picture and sixth success, Little Miss Somebody, is the twins' attempt to make an English baby, Binkie Stuart, steal even those hearts steeled against one Shirley Temple. Mine is still in pawn to M. Guitry for Le Roman d'un Trichour, but theirs is a nice movie and the boys of the old brigade-Coldstream to be accurate—deserve applause for learning the job inside out and, incidentally, surviving ten years of Hollywood. As "Colonel Blimp" says, stamina will tell. Very young people, no longer aggressively bright or painfully wilting, show stamina by sitting at floor shows and carrying on to and at the Florida till that witching hour when the Serpentine hugs matutinal bathers in its icy arms. Florida faces seem dimly behind telephones belong to the Reggie Garnetts, with John Arundell and Miss Elizabeth McLaren, "Dick" Fairey, who comes of age next month, Diana Barnato, "Mollie" Sullivan in spangles, and several lovelies who are trying to catch Captain D'Arcy Rutherford's eye anent the Cresta Ball. He is choosing twelve programme sellers on looks, not merit, and proving very "choosy," as they say farther North.

Farther West, at the Dorchester, a polo element includes "Laddie" Sanford and Captain "Alex" Barclay with their nice spouses, all laughing like anything at the clown, while Mr. "Gerry" Portman enjoys a chop. More horsey people are collecting in Leicestershire, where the going at the time of writing is of the 'ard 'ighway variety. The recently married Hamilton-Russells have settled at the "Dog and Partat Tetbury and will be hunting with the Meynell, of which polo-player Sir Ian Walker and Captain Maurice Kings-cote of Kingscote are Joint-Masters. The latter is one of the best amateur huntsmen in the country and will also act in

this capacity. Mrs. F. J. Greenish has moved her family from Honington to the Manor House, Ashby-de-la-Zouch (yes, American reader, it really exists), where daughter "Bobbie" will hunt with the Meynell, while daughter "Bettie" gets over appendicitis. They were popular

Belvoir girls. Mrs. Edward Greenall, whose husband is Joint-Master of the Belvoir with Colonel Gordon Colman, has had a horrible fall on her face. Unless the monsoon comes soon the sporting boys and girls The "sporting will all be in hospital-or London. anecdote in "Transgressor in the Tropics" is the only broad tale in this marvellous, meaty book which everybody seems to be reading. It brings Bolivia as near as Brighton. While we're beside the seaside I like Lady Bertha Dawkins' story of the dreadfully shy young man who was brought to dine at a house she had taken by the sea. Half-way through the meal he seemed to feel he must make a conversational effort, cleared his throat and ventured—"Marvellous air here-but then you're very high up, aren't you."

West country news includes the Foley sale of lovely things from Stoke Edith. There are many fine houses in those parts with interesting possessions. Flaxley Abbey, for one, belongs to Sir Launcelot Crawley-Boevey, whose ancestors were seated at Luton in the time of Henry VIII. Boevey was assumed two hundred years ago when Flaxley came into the family at the death of the widow Boevey, mentioned in the *Spectator* as "inexorable to the addresses of Sir Rover de Coverley." There is a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, though not for this reason. Lord Powys' only daughter was very welcome on her recent visit home. She and her husband, the Duca della Grazia, 12th Principe di Campo Franco, are an attractive couple, too rarely in her



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. E. N. EVERETT AND JOHN NUGENT THEIR PAGE

Leaving the Biddenham Parish Church. Bedford, after their recent wedding. bride was Miss Barbara Firth and is the only daughter of the late Major Denys Firth, and of Mrs. Firth, Vicar's Close, Biddenham. Captain Everett, who is in the Royal Regiment, is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Everett, 6th Australian Light Horse, and of Mrs. Everett, of 10, Alexandra Mansions, Chelsea. As Captain Everett was liaison officer between the Royal Artillery and the R.A.F. a detachment of aeroplanes was sent to salute after his wedding

native land. Tremendously fond of England, the Duke is, I need hardly add, most intelli-gent. He is also a silk-worm fancier at Lake Garda, where they live with their one little girl. Lord Powys, an important person on the Welsh Marches, was referred to for many years as the only owner of a doorplate in Berkeley Square. Tempus fugit. In Hereford-shire the sporting versatility of thirtyyear-old Sir James Croft, of Croft Croft, of Croft Castle, draws admiration. Cox of Eton and Oxford, he became an enthusiastic M.F.H. and is now farming earn-The Crofts held their lands for seven hundred years, till 1765, and in 1924 these were bought back for the young baronet. Lady Curre, owner of the famous white hounds, winters in Monmouth, but the Herberts are leaving Moynes Court for Morocco. There is excitement over Harry Clifton's engagement to Mrs. Griswold of Chicago. It is hoped they will

settle at Lytham Hall.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN WALES



AT THE PRIORY OF WALES BALL IN CARDIFF: LADY MARY WALKER, THE HON. JOHN BRUCE, AND LADY BUTE



LORD HERBERT, LORD PLYMOUTH, AND T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT



LADY PLYMOUTH AND MRS. CHARLES KEEN



SIR HENRY PHILIPPS, THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. BRUCE, AND CAPTAIN W. H. FERGUSON



Photos: Truman Howe ELIZABETH, LADY CORY OF CORYTON

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent had a very exhaustive round of engagements during their tour in Wales, and after a busy day in Swansea and Carmarthen they drove first to the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, of which H.R.H. is President, to attend the centenary of its foundation. T.R.H. were the guests of Lord and Lady Plymouth at St. Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff, and in the evening attended The Priory of Wales (Order of St. John of Jerusalem) Ball at the City Hall. The ball was most ably organised by Mrs. Charles Keen, who is seen in one of the pictures at the bottom of the page with Lady Plymouth. Mrs. Keen's husband is incidentally, President of the Cardiff Aero Club. In the group with the Marchioness of Bute, one of whose sons, Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, was married quite recently, is the Hon. John Bruce, who is Principal Secretary for The Priory of Wales and is a brother of Lord Aberdare. Lady Mary Walker, who is in the same group, is Lord and Lady Bute's elder daughter. Lord Herbert, who is in the other group at the top, is Comptroller to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and Captain W. Handley Ferguson, R.H.A., in the middle group above, is Elizabeth, Lady Cory's son-in-law

THE TATLER [No. 1896, October 27, 1937



IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA": RONALD COLMAN AND MADELEINE CARROLL

The Prisoner of Zenda, the film of Anthony Hope's famous Ruritanian story, is to have its première on November 2, at the official opening of the Odeon Theatre, which, as everyone knows, has risen Phœnix-like from the ashes of the old Alhambra. On this important occasion H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester will be present, and the entire proceeds of the evening will be given to the British Empire Cancer Campaign and the National Trust for Scotland. Ronald Colman plays the part of Rudolf Rassendyl, doubling with it that of King Rudolf; the beautiful Madeleine Carroll plays Princess

Flavia, and Douglas Fairbanks, junior, is Rupert of Hentzau

IOGRAPHY is all the rage just now, whether in plays or films. Queen Victoria, Parnell, Gladstone, Pasteur, Clemenceau—there is no end to them. And now we have Zola in The Life of Emile Zola at the Carlton. It was not to be expected that the film industry could avoid making Zola the centre of the Dreyfus Case. He was not the centre. People say: "No, of course, not! Dreyfus was the centre and Zola was the hero!" Zola was not the hero of the Dreyfus Case, simply because the case did not permit of a hero. Zola was a magnificent ornament who suffered a good deal of spiritual pain and the physical discomfort of being obliged to flee the country. The only hero in the whole thing was the abstract figure of Justice, which took a lot of buffeting to start with, but triumphed in the end. It is astonishing how little people to-day know of the case which once shook the whole civilised world. I once submitted a play on the subject-and cannot refrain from pointing out the odd coincidence that this piece is actually being performed at the Q. Theatre in the very week in which these lines appear! - as I was saying, I once submitted a play on the subject, based on the admirable drama of Hans Rehfisch and Wilhelm Herzog, to a well-known theatre manager, who replied: "My dear Agate, I know nothing about the Dreyfus Case. I have never been interested in it. I gather from your play, which I return, that certain Frenchmen once conspired to play a dirty trick on a man named Dreyfus." Since everybody is now flocking to the Carlton to see the Zola film—though I cannot imagine anybody flocking anywhere to see a Dreyfus play!-it may be of some purpose to say in a few words what the Dreyfus Case was about.

The crime, which is known as the "Affaire Dreyfus," was

The crime, which is known as the "Affaire Dreyfus," was brought about by the desperate attempts of General Mercier, the French Minister for War, to repair his political stupidities. It was redeemed by the steadfastness of Colonel Picquart. Before the "Affaire Dreyfus" was the "Affaire Turpin."

THE CINEMA

That Dreyfus Affair! By JAMES AGATE

Turpin, who had invented Melinite, became a spy. During his imprisonment for spying he announced another great discovery. Mercier relied upon what he called his "artillery sense" to reject the alleged discovery. Mercier's opponents in the French Chamber said that while Turpin ought to be shot spying had made no difference to his inventive genius, and that not Turpin, but the General who turned down his new invention without examining it was the traitor. Mercier was very nearly dismissed, and the whole of the Dreyfus Case grows out of his frantic desire for rehabilitation. For now the public vaguely suspected, and the French War Office knew for certain, that French military plans were being given away to Germany. It was essential to find a scapegoat. If Mercier could not find one he was ruined. On the other hand, if he could find one, then he would recover all he had lost over the "Affaire Turpin." He got in touch with Colonel Sandherr, chief of the Intelligence Department, who, knowing how the land lay with Mercier, began to nose through the army list of young officers for a possible traitor. Stopping at the name Dreyfus, he saw a chance of killing three birds with one stone—quieting the public nerves, propitiating his superior, and glutting that anti-Semitism which in him, Sandherr, was a passion. For Dreyfus was a Jew!

The first Dreyfus trial and conviction took place in December, 1894. The trial split France into two factions. The question was not: "Is Dreyfus guilty or innocent?" The question was: "Are you anti-Dreyfus or pro-Dreyfus?" To be anti-Dreyfus meant that though you believed him to be innocent you wanted the punishment to stand because he was a Jew and you were anti-Semite. To be pro-Dreyfus meant that because Dreyfus was a Jew, and because your sympathies were pro-Jewish, you desired his release even though he were ten times guilty. But what agitated France was something deeper even than the question of Semitism or anti-Semitism. Could the French nation afford to admit that French officers had conspired to do and maintain an act of gross injustice? The War Office said that Dreyfus, as a soldier, must be content to die like any other soldier in the cause of the Army's honour. Colonel Picquart said that honour based on a lie was not

honour and could not be defended.

The film at the Carlton does generously by this great There is an unforgettable portrait of Dreyfus by Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, and most of the other famous figures are credibly presented. The courtroom scenes are brilliantly drawn, and the picture ends with a magnificent shot of Zola's lying in state. The last words are Anatole France's: "He was a moment in the conscience of his age." Which is a truly remarkable sentiment for a popular film. Zola is very well played by Mr. Paul Muni, who gives the testy ordinariness of the man wanting to go on leading his ordinary life as a writer and without any desire to mount the high horse and prance about the battlefields of liberty. Zola's speech in his own defence is admirably delivered. But I was very much disappointed with his reading of the celebrated "J'accuse!" letter to the President in the office of L'Aurore. Some few days ago an unknown friend sent me a copy of the famous number of January 13, 1898, and, at the risk of again being personal, I shall confess that it was a romantic moment when I left this film to collect this faded challenge from the picture-framer's. But that is by the way. What the film could not do was to tell us the end of the story in so far as it concerns the chief villain, Count Esterhazy. Esterhazy admitted that he had written the bordereau, but declared that he had done so by the orders of a superior officer for the purpose of incriminating one who was already known to be a traitor. He then came to England and retired to Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, where he lived for 17 years, dying in May, 1923. He lived as a recluse and kept more and more to his own house and garden in the last few years of his life. It is odd to think that the last echoes of that Affaire which shook France to her foundations and made the whole world rumble should have been heard in an English

No. 1896, October 27, 1937] THE TATLER

THE AMERICAN LEGATION



MR. FRANK AIKEN, T.D., AND MAJOR-GEN. M. BRENNAN



H.E. THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND MRS. CUDAHY AND COLONEL LIAM HAYES

RECEPTION IN DUBLIN



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND MRS. SULLIVAN



MRS. JOHN O'BYRNE, MR. SEAN MACENTEE, T.D., AND THE HON. MR. JUSTICE JAMES CREED MEREDITH



Poole, Dublin

THE MARQUIS MALASPINA AND MRS. JAMES McNEILL

The reception held by the American Minister to the Irish Free State at the Legation in Phoenix Park was in the nature of a house-warming, as it was the first since Mr. Cudahy's appointment to this charge. It certainly was the most brilliant and representative function Dublin has seen for many a day, and all the notabilities in present-day Free State official life were there. Mr. Frank Aiken, for instance, is the Minister for Defence, and is seen talking to the Inspector-General of the Forces, and the host and hostess are with the Adjutant-General. The uniforms are a bit novel to English eyes. Lord Chief Justice Sullivan's name has been freely mentioned as one of the most likely persons to be selected as first President of Mr. de Valera's new State of Eire. Mrs. Sullivan is a daughter of the late Mr. Tim Healy, first Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Mr. Sean MacEntee, who is in one of the groups at the bottom, is the Minister for Finance, and Mrs. James McNeill is the wife of Mr. James McNeill, who was Governor-General of the Free State for many years. The Marquis Malaspina is the Head Secretary to the Italian Legation

AT SANDOWN: MR. PAT HANBURY AND MRS. CHARLES HIGGINS

Two of the many who went racing at that popular spot, Sandown, last week, where, in spite of the hard going, they had surprisingly good fields. The autumn weather still continues to be almost too good to be true

ing sort of horse, but I was thinking of the wrong horse. Nothing could have been more cool, stately and unhurried than his race at Newmarket last week, when Flares gave him enough weight to ballast the Endeavour and slammed him. From hearsay, Harewood is the goods, and French handicap stayers are always to be respected. Buckleigh can be given some sort of a chance, and after the running of his co-dead-heater, Severino, at Sandown, Dytchley, even with his penalty, cannot be out of it. However, I've lost all I'm going to on the two races, and only tentatively suggest Harewood, Buckleigh and Near Relation. Fields have been cut to ribbons by the drought and hard going, and now an epidemic of coughing seems to be working its way through Newmarket, keeping the "winter's keep" horses at home. Altogether it has been a pretty unsatisfactory season for nearly all concerned.

The three-year-olds have distinguished themselves as the worst lot for a great

many years in the opinion of most. The two-year-olds I am not at all sure are very much better. There may be, and probably are, a lot of high-class two-year-olds that have not been hurried or risked on the hard going. There are also some two-year-olds who showed promise but lost all their form, perhaps only temporarily. The second-class ones are definitely bad, all beating one another and never producing the same form twice. The low standard is borne out by the really bad platers, sold for a song early on, which are now winning nurseries from two-thirds of the way up the handicap. Perhaps it is the hard going, perhaps it is the softness of the breed, but a very, very small proportion of horses have shown consistent form, and form punters have suffered thereby. There seem to be no outstanding animals, and though Portmarnock will probably be first winter Derby favourite, and Scottish Union second, there are a good many others not very far behind. River Prince, the best-looking horse of the lot, unfortunately, has, I believe, no engagements. Of the fillies,

Racing Ragout "GUARDRAIL"

O-DAY the Cesarewitch is run, and to the majority this is the end of flat-racing. My premier nap selection, Haulfryn, has gone wrong and been struck out. Near Relation, I feel, is perhaps rather an old man for the job, and to Maranta I owe an apology. Somewhere wrote that he was a flibbertigibbety sweatI am inclined to think that Ann of Austria and Stafaralla are possibly good ones that look like staying. There are some good boys riding to-day that, properly handled, may make jockeys if they are not rushed. To mention one or two, Blackshaw, Sprague and Wells have done remarkably well, and the first-named looks like losing his allowance before the end of the season. Our congratulations to Dines and Jellis on making such a brilliant start, and to George Beeby, who, starting this year with a small and inexpensive string, has had a good season. We all wish Stephen the best of luck with the string he is starting to train next year.

There have been one or two new owners coming into the game, and not so long ago one very nearly did when a hitherto unknown gentleman bought the winner of a selling plate. Having paid his cheque and got the delivery note he had no trainer to take charge of it and seemed at a loss to know what to do. He therefore got a lift in a car from a stranger and started for home. When, during the journey he pulled out a sheaf of telegrams in their envelopes the owner of the car was rather intrigued, especially when he saw they were addressed to a dozen different people. "What are you doing with those?" he asked. "Oh, they were unclaimed

on the board and it seemed no use leaving them, so I took them," he said. Amongst the yellow envelopes was the delivery note for the horse. "Why have you brought that away?" enquired the car-owner. "I didn't know what to do with the horse," he replied. It was then borne in on the car-owner that his guest was one of those lucky people who cannot be held responsible for their actions. Perhaps in time bids will have to be accompanied by certificates from a qualified alienist. When I think of some of the animals that I have bid for I shudder for my future liberty.



ALSO MR. AND MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS

The camera is not really registering "anxiety," for the winners at Sandown were moderately easy to find, and the prices in most cases fairly accommodating

Nevertheless, sane or bats, we get a hatful of fun, good fellowship and fresh air, if nothing more tangible, at this pursuit of finding out which horse is the fastest, and so with the last of Newmarket I bid you all good bye till next Lincoln and good luck.



AND MR. QUINTIN GILBEY AND MISS MALA BRAND

The well-known racing correspondent, who is always interesting to all of us, and the pretty daughter of Mrs. Simon Brand face up to the camera with bravery. Mr. Quintin Gilbey used to be in the Grenadiers, and is married to the former Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere

AUTUMN NIGHTS



MR. MICHAEL PORTMAN AND MISS MARJORIE KARR

MR. JAMES ADAM AND MISS JANE PRINSEP



MISS DIANA BARNATO AND MR. REGINALD BENNETT



MRS. "LADDIE" SANFORD



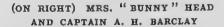
IN LONDON TOWN

THE HON. JOHN ARUNDELL



MR. AND MRS. HARRY ROY (PRINCESS PEARL)

On the particular autumn night that these pictures were taken all these smiling portraits were collected at the Florida, where everyone was footing it or feeding, or both. As to a few details, Mr. Michael Portman, seen with attractive Miss Marjorie Karr, is the son of the Joint-Master of the Portman, the Hon. Gerald Portman. Miss Diana Barnato, daughter of our friend "Woolfie," and of Mrs. Richard Wainwright, is dancing with someone who sailed for England in the Olympic Games. Mrs. Reggie Garnett, seen with Lord Arundell of Wardour's son and heir, is a niece of Colonel Fortescue, and Mr. James Adam's fair partner is a daughter of Mr. Anthony Prinsep and Miss Marie Löhr, who is in that big Drury Lane success, "Crest of the Wave." Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford, wife of the famous polo player, is the former Mary Duncan, Hollywood lovely. Mr. Harry Roy, wife and band are off for the States and South America fairly soon. Mrs. "Bunny" Head is the wife of Captain H. W. N. Head, late 4th Hussars, and of Kadir Cup fame—he won it—and Captain Barclay, when he was in the regiment, used to be in The Bays' polo team





THE TATLER [No. 1896, October 27, 1937

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

An Enchanting Book.

In these days when we are all aware of the Fourth Dimension (without understanding it, though it is an intriguing idea!) and ready to acknowledge that Time is non-existent, I am bitterly disappointed that, according to Mr. Priestley's two splendid plays, Time and the Conways and especially I Have Been Here Before, I shall, am, and have been continually living in the period which I now call my "present" life. I should so much prefer to have lived, still live, and continue to live in the period so enchantingly described in Mary Carbery's story of Mary Fogarty, "The Farm by Lough Gur" (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). Well, perhaps I did and shall; though I am most certainly not living in it now! However, there are puzzling features in Mr. Priestley's theory, so who knows?—I may still live again when Mary Fogarty lived. And I could not wish for anything more peaceful or more happy than these days of her youth spent on an Irish farm on the edge of Lough Gur.

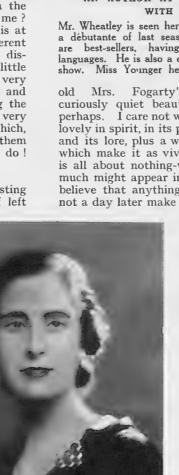
Regarding the puzzling theories—what happens to the friend who loved me as a little child, yet has been dead these ten years, if Life be indeed a circle which goes on repeating itself until, by some stupendous effort, essentially ethical, we move up in the spiral towards perfection, which is perfect happiness? If I am still there with him—a little boy of three—in my friend's new circle, some horrid little child is understudying me until I can also reappear in the picture! And who is this understudy if it isn't me? Well, perhaps it is me, and, if so, I am not writing this at all! Or else I am being duplicated in thousands of different circles, which has the disturbing effect of making me disappear altogether-though the corn throbbing on my little toe assures me to the contrary. It is, as I remarked, all very puzzling. Interesting as a theory of Time and Space and Human Existence, but, like all such theories, including the religious one, more comforting when considered very quickly without that tiresome mental characteristic—which, alas! I possess-of trying to fill in details and make them converge cosily upon the dream. Which they never do!

The Farm by Lough Gur.

A nyway, if the next turn of the cycle which is Everlasting Life be not one-half pre-war and the other half left

high and dry, stranded by a receded Victorian tide, I would very much like to return again in the simpler, unsophisticated, yet really more truly civilised days when Mary Fogarty was a little girl, and the life she lived, so beautifully built up as a picture on memories, letters, old associations, flowed on its placid way without the noise, the vulgarity, and the fear which makes modern existence hardly tolerable at times. Is the book pure autobiography -- at second-hand, so to speak-or is it a series of bits and pieces of old memories woven so charmingly together that it reads as one complete narrative of real events? Lady Carbery's "message" is as follows: "In the summer of 1904 I was in the County Limerick seeking the words of a lost song. In the little town of Bruff, where the song was born, Mrs. Fogarty welcomed me to her home on the bank of the lovely River Dawn, or Morning Star. I found in her an enthusiast for the old stories and legends of Bruff and Lough Gur.... She had even in her youth heard the lost song sung. It was not, however, until many years later that she told me about her own people and of her happy childhood spent at the farm beside Lough Gur. It was a story, I felt, that should be shared with others, and in 1935 I asked Mrs. Fogarty if she would write her recollections of those days.

Thus it came to be written in the first person—the matter, perhaps,



THE ANGEL OF SPAIN: DONA CARMEN, WIFE OF GENERAL FRANCO

Civil war is always a brutal business and it is a pleasure to think upon relieving features. Dona Carmen is an angel of mercy to the wounded in the hospitals and to the distressed in the areas in which civil order has been restored behind the insurgent lines. General Franco married his lovely wife when he was twenty and she only fifteen. Now she is his constant and valued adviser and the idol of the anti-Red forces



Herbert Sheed

AN AUTHOR AT HOME: MR. DENNIS WHEATLEY WITH MISS DIANA YOUNGER

Mr. Wheatley is seen here with his stepdaughter, Miss Diana Younger, a débutante of last season. He is a prolific author and his works are best-sellers, having been translated into nineteen different languages. He is also a collector of modern first-editions, as his shelves show. Miss Younger helps him with the design of his book-jackets

old Mrs. Fogarty's; the charm, the humour, the curiously quiet beauty of every chapter Lady Carbery's, perhaps. I care not which nor how. Here is a lovely book—lovely in spirit, in its peacefulness, in the variety of its legends and its lore, plus a wholly delightful collection of characters which make it as vivid as a novel—or as Life. And yet it is all about nothing-very-much—or, rather, as nothing-very-much might appear in the mind of those who simply cannot believe that anything worth while does happen which does not a day later make a flaring headline either in a newspaper

or in their own arid imagination. Therefore, it is not a book for those who demand that someone be found murdered in the kitchen copper, or a really uninteresting film-star has come to town, before they feel that their emotions have begun to bestir themselves. It is a story for those who realise that life was just as much "fun" in the old days as it may be now, even in the far-away depths of the country—more so, probably, since to find your own interests and amusements is infinitely more satisfying than to have them mass-produced for you at a price; besides helping your imagination. And in your imagination, after all, lies all the real happiness, the real thrill of existence. It is what your imagination brings to everyday life which alone prevents it from being one darned thing after another, with no sense in it, viewed from whichever direction!

It is always amusing, as well as sad, to watch modern folk, especially modern town folk, rushing, like half-starved maniacs, to discover something to take them out of themselves. Country people require less of this "escapology." Look at the expression of their faces and compare them: the one simple and content, with a ready smile; the other hard and discontented and with little hope. In the country—and especially in the remoter parts of Ireland, where this story is laid, more so still. For where legends are believed, and the Gods still walk, and the "Little People" abound, there is little need of extraneous sensation.

(Continued on page 154)

THE NAVY LEAGUE'S



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL AND LADY FREMANTLE



A GREAT BENEFACTOR: LORD NUFFIELD

TRAFALGAR DINNER



LADY NAAS EMPHASISES A POINT TO MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL



LORD AND LADY LLOYD WITH LORD AND LADY BEATTY



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES, THE HON. ARTHUR HOWARD AND LADY ANDERSON

The Navy League is one of the most important of the great voluntary bodies of British patriotic effort, its object being the guarding of the interests of the most vital factor in the Empire. It has the support, as will be seen from the pictures above, of many of our most brilliant and able personalities. Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall was one of the principal speakers, the others being the Lord Mayor and Mr. Winston Churchill, whose long career begins with active service with the Malakand Field Force in 1897. He was Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1906 and became a Privy Councillor in 1907, his energy and dash remaining unimpaired to-day. A new gift of £50,000 to the Sea Cadets of the League from that great public benefactor Lord Nuffield was announced at the dinner. Lord Lloyd is the very successful former pro-consul whose skill in troubled conditions at the far end of the Mediterranean might well be valuable to-day. Sir Roger Keyes was head of the Dover Patrol and the mainspring of that magnificent attack on Zeebrugge. Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has a very distinguished career of high command; he first came under fire in 1895 in the Ashanti expedition



LADY LONGMORE, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CYRIL DEVERELL AND LADY (SEYMOUR) HICKS

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

And some of these old Irish legends have their roots so far away in the dim, forgotten past that they have become part of life itself. Speaking of the great god Bel: "They knew little more than we children did of the gentle moon-worshippers of old, who burnt the fire Samhuin on the night of November the first, and on the sixth night of every moon brought their sick into the moonlight to be healed. The old folk had heard that night called All-Heal. They knew that if a sick person was not better by the eighth or ninth day of the moon he would hear the Ceolsidhe, the fairy music with which Ainë the Banshee, Spirit of Lough Gur, comforts the dying. He would fall asleep to Suantraighe, the whispering song of sleep which Fer Fi plays on a three-stringed harp.

And so, as a background to this enchanting story of a little girl's life on a farm in the middle-Victorian era, there are the quaint and charming, and sometimes most beautiful legends

and "real" fairy-stories which made existence then, in a remote corner of Ireland, seem to us who read this story of "The Farm by Lough Gur" like the sound of very distant music; a song which something within us-some once-precious essential thing - has forgotten how to sing.

The Descent of a Rake.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and so, although in Norah Hoult's new novel, "Coming from the Fair (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), the scene remains in Ireland, we are as far away as can be from the people who lived and worked, loved and died on the banks of Lough Gur. It is Dublin from 1903 to 1916, and the chief character is Charlie O'Neill, whom you met in Miss Hoult's previous story, "Holy Ireland," and who, if you remember-as you surely must do, because the novel is one you are not likely to forget-was the son of Joseph O'Neill, an honourable man and a decent citizen of Dublin, who, however, brought the spirit of Calvin into his Roman Catholicism, with dire result to his family. In fact, speaking personally, it was a joy to meet the characters of the earlier book again, because Miss Hoult has an almost uncanny gift for making each of her characters live; they may be somewhat dingy as mortals, but indubitably they are living human beings.

Charlie O'Neill, as was to be expected after his father's death, began his Rake's Progress. It was a quick decline; for Charlie meant so well, but he simply could not resist the proferred glass, the easy

company. Moreover, after two glasses, away went his good resolutions, and the "easy" company doubled itself in his eyes! Margaret, who had married a Protestant and "changed over"—never, of course, to be forgiven by her father—has become less "colourful" than she was: in fact, rather a discontented, harassed, untidy married woman, whose husband has lost his appeal and whose children never allow her to forget for a moment that she is a mother. Lucy has given up her ardent "call" to become a nun, and has turned her mind to becoming a nurse in a hospital, where the doctors are more come-hithering than most priests. The younger brother has gradually cut himself adrift from his family, of which Charlie is now the head, so all the O'Neills are going "dilapidated" in their respective ways—which is too often the way of Time, after all. All except Julia, Mrs. O'Neill, who, now she is a widow, can read Shaw openly and even question the articles of her own faith. But the real theme of this brilliant sequel to a clever earlier chronicle is the Rake's Progress of Charlie O'Neill. Charlie is by nature a "corner boy," and rarely can you ever convert a "corner boy" into being other than a man who is the life and soul of a street-corner committee

As the study of a certain type of character, common in Ireland and elsewhere, it is a great achievement. Contemptible he may be, but he is so human that you can't dislike him. Nor can you dislike the Ireland he represents-with its sentimental emotionalism passing for religion, its air of perpetual grievance, its endless talk, its natural wit and humour, and its fiery eloquence in defence of forgotten causes. It is by no means a flattering picture, but as a study of human nature and of an aspect of Irish

mentality and behaviour, it is quietly devastating in its sly ironv.

Madame Tussaud's.

If you imagine that all the romance of the world-famous exhibition in the Marylebone Road went up in flames a few years ago, read Mr. Louis Tussaud's interesting book, "The Romance of Madame Tussaud" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). True, the present building does not look at all romantic, and alas! most of the wonderful old Napoleonic relics were burnt, but the story of how the exhibition came to be founded, and of the founder herself, will always remain strange and exciting. Few people probably realise that the earlier wax models were of historical interest. They were actually modelled from the freshly-severed heads of the victims of the French Revolution by Madame herself. Madame's own life-story, too, is full of drama in its association with history. Mr. Louis Tussaud might with advantage have elaborated that passage in Madame Tussaud's history which showed her grim and rather ghastly relations with the guillotine and its hapless victims.

As it is, he has elaborated the figure of M. Tussaud, who played a dim part in previous memoirs. Truthfully, he does not really seem to be able to "stand up" to his greater importance in this one. Vivid, dramatic descriptions of such events as the taking of the Bastille and other famous events of the Revolution make the book something rather more than merely the romance of Madame Tussaud. Nevertheless, it

helps to make more exciting the wooing of Marie Grosholtz by François Tussaud, and her subsequent escape from the Terror to find safety and fame in England.

Wonderful Photographs.

Mr. Gordon Anthony's book is expensive, but if you adore the modern ballet it will be worth the price. For his book, "Ballet: Camera Studies" (Bles; 42s.), contains some wonderful photographs of most of the chief figures of the Russian Ballet, the Ballet Jooss, and the Vic-Wells combination. Each is a work of high art as well as a brilliant study of individual dancers in "character." Maybe there is a certain sameness in what I will call the "approach," but as examples of the art of photography they are very beautiful; while for all lovers of the Ballet they will possess a unique appeal.



MRS. J. S. PUDNEY

The former Miss Crystal Herbert, attractive and clever eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Herbert, whose marriage to Mr. J. S. Pudney took place in 1934. Mrs. Pudney's famous father, author, playwright, barrister and M.P. for Oxford University, has been more than ever in the public eye of late by reason of the success, at long last, of his campaign against
"Holy Deadlock." A. P. H.'s much-discussed measure, which
received the Royal Assent in July, takes effect from New Year's
Day as the Matrimonial Causes Bill

"THE SQUEAKER" ON THE SCREEN



DANCING AT THE LEOPARD'S CLUB: TAMARA DESNI AS TAMARA KASHMA



Photographs: Engene Pisey
ANN TODD AS CAROL STEDMAN AND EDMUND LOWE

(LOANED BY HOLLYWOOD) AS CAPTAIN JOHN LESLIE

"The Squeaker," which comes to the London Pavilion in film form on November 8, will be remembered as one of the biggest stage successes of the famous Wallace collection. Its screen versionby London Film Productions-promises to make box-office history, too. Edmund Lowe, who plays opposite lead to Ann Todd, had just finished "Espionage" when he left Hollywood for Denham. Charming Ann Todd has made two other pictures for London Films this year: "Action for Slander" and "South Riding," whichisduefortrade showing next month. Tamara Desni, who was in "Fire Over England," also dec-orates "The Squeaker,"in which mystery, suspense, crooks and "cops," humour, pathos and romance all play their parts



ANOTHER SHOT OF TAMARA DESNI



CAMOUFLAGED AS THE ROUGH STUFF: ANOTHER VERSION OF EDMUND LOWE

THE TATLER [No. 1896, October 27, 1937



Arthur Owen

GOLFING CELEBRITIES IN PERTHSHIRE

A family foursome on the Gleneagles Hotel links, and in it are Mr. and Mrs. "Doug." Fairbanks, the former Miss Sylvia Hawkes, and Mr. and Mrs. Govet, the latter being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' first husband was Lord Ashley, Lord Shaftesbury's son and heir

HE first autumn week-end at Mildenhall is always good fun and this year was no exception, the occasion being the annual match between the Old Carthusians and the Royal Worlington Club. For any past Cambridge player the place has, of course, strong sentimental attractions, but I think the most casual visitor must at once have succumbed to its charm last Saturday and Sunday. Those greens must be the hardest and keenest and truest in the world at this time of year, even allowing for the fact that the rain has been a long time in coming: three putts from ten feet was the common reward for overboldness, and it was not until Sunday afternoon, when it was almost too late, that most of us began to find our touch.

For a team that has won the Halford Hewitt tournament four years in succession, the Old Carthusians have an extraordinary collection of casual golfers. We were going over the list only the other day. C. V. L. Hooman, who was "resurrected" to play in the top foursome last spring and caused a minor sensation at Deal by using a sand tee, was not at the time a member of any golf club. He has since joined a couple, on the grounds that it looks more respectable. Jack Thompson spends his time riding, flying, stalking incautious wildfowl and growing potatoes on the richest land in the world (advt.), while Lionel Burdon-Sanderson spends most of the year shooting big game in the wilds of Africa. Cecil Middleton tries hard at golf about twice a year, while Pat White, who is now a master at Harrow, plays occasionally on half-holidays. How they all manage to strike their form at Deal is not known.

A thought that struck me at Mildenhall is the following. During the past month I have returned highly impressed from two places—St. Enodoc and, to a greater degree, Killarney, which must be the loveliest spot in the world. Neither the air nor the scenery in these two places is alike, but it occurs to me that they possess a common asset: at neither of them are there any aeroplanes. The difference is more noticeable at Mildenhall, of course, now that they have this new aerodrome there, but it holds good for most golf-courses within 100 miles of London to-day. The distraction of playing on them is like trying to read a book, sitting in a deck-chair beside a wasps' nest. The buzzing and droning that goes on from the nest near Mildenhall is infuriating to persons who were brought up to appreciate the peculiar rural tranquillity of that part of Suffolk. Still, who are we to grumble? As I may have remarked before, we think these juggernauts of the air are a damned nuisance now, but we may be mighty glad of them one day.

Oxford University have begun their season in the usual manner with a visit to Stoke Poges, where they halved with a team that could scarcely be said to represent the full talent of the club, but it is too early yet to begin casting

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

bouquets or aspersions. In Kenneth Scott, the captain, they have a player of the highest promise, who caught the eye of the English selection committee at the last possible moment and won his match for them against Scotland by a handsome margin. The other day he was the hero of a notable achievement at Southfield, where, before going out to play, he was offered two to one against breaking 70. He took the bet with alacrity and won it. If that had only been an American, we should be hearing that it was just like these Americans, and what a pity we have no one in this country, etc., etc. I am happy to record that on Friday next my esteemed colleague, Mr. James Coventry, is to be dined, wined and presented with a cheque at the Conservative Club, Birmingham, by the Midland Counties Golf Association. The occasion will mark his seventieth birthday. No less than forty-two years ago he was one of the founders of what is now known generally as the Midland Counties Championship, and for twenty-five years was honorary secretary of that event. He has also for a quarter of a century been the golf correspondent of the Birmingham Post. Incidentally, it was the members of the old Midland Counties Golf Association who were the authors of the present code of rules for bogey competitions—which is only fitting, since it was a Midland golfer, Mr. Hugh Rotherham, of Coventry, who first suggested playing against a "ground score," as it was then called. Talking of bogey reminds me that I have been engaged in friendly controversy as to the desirability of substituting the original expression "bogey," with which every golfer is conversant, for the more clumsy "standard scratch score." To me the bogey is the "figure marked on the card" the figure you play against in a bogey competition. Many clubs have two figures marked on the



Tiger: "What did you do?" Rabbit: "70—"
Tiger: "Good Lor'!" Rabbit: "—and then I walked in."

card: the standard scratch score allotted to them by the Union and the rather more easy "bogey" which they later allot themselves. They handicap from one and then play against the other: a most reprehensible state of affairs!

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB ANNUAL DINNER-BY "MEL"

There is no golf club Annual Dinner to compare with Royal Blackheath in dignity and ceremony. The traditions of the club, which came into being in 1608—it is the oldest golf club in the world—are maintained enthusiastically by its past Captains and Members. The haggis is piped in and the loving-cup goes round. The Past Captains, headed by the Field-Marshal, parade round the room, then the Captain "elective" is installed in the Captain's chair and is invested with the badge of office. It is many years since the Members played on Blackheath—the club, with all its trophies, now plays its golf at Eltham, Kent

DANCING FOR CHARITY AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL



LADY BOYLE SITTING OUT WITH MR. A. M. HAMILTON



MR. A. M. McGRIGOR AND HIS HOSTESS, LADY (KAY) MUIR



MRS. A. M. McGRIGOR AND H.E. SIR MILES LAMPSON



CAPTAIN BARNETT, THE HON. MRS. BRUCE OGILVY AND HER SISTER, MISS O'BRIEN



LADY LAMPSON MADE A PLEASANT PICTURE



WITH VISCOUNT YOUNGER OF LECKIE: MISS C. MAITLAND



MR. K. B. L. DAVIDSON, ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, AND THE HON. MRS. DAVIDSON



LADY (IAN) HAMILTON AND SIR KAY MUIR

Close on five hundred people attended the ball held not long ago at Gleneagles Hotel in aid of the Perthshire Nursing Association. This was a record for an annual party which is got up by Mrs. Stirling of Keir and is always a good show. Among notable contingents of guests was the one brought by Sir Kay and Lady Muir from Blair Drummond; it included the High Commissioner for Egypt, Sir Miles Lampson, and his young wife, who is Sir Aldo Castellani's daughter. Mr. A. M. Hamilton, who was talking to Lady Boyle when the camera aimed in that direction, is the adopted son of Sir Kay Muir's brother-in-law and sister, General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton. No one danced reels and country dances with more dash than Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and his wife, who wore a white and silver dress and had her sister, Miss O'Brien, staying with her for the Ball. In Viscount Younger of Leckie's party were his son-in-law and elder daughter, Mr. Kenneth and the Hon. Mrs. Davidson. This cheerful young couple were married at St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Edinburgh, last March

Photographs: Arthur Owen



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DEVEREUX WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER

The subject of this charming portrait is the widow of the late Hon. Robert Devereux, Lord Hereford's only son, who died in 1934. Before her marriage in 1923, Mrs. Devereux was Miss Audrey Meakin, the younger daughter of Lady Sondes and of the late Mr. James Meakin. The two children are Diana Bridget, born in 1931, and Robert Milo Leicester, a year younger, the heir to his grandfather. The present Lord Hereford was born in 1865 and is the seventeenth in the line; he succeeded his father in 1930, and was formerly a captain in the 1st (Breconshire) Voluntary Battalion of the South Wales Borderers. Lady Hereford is a daughter of the late Mr. John Shaw, of Welburn Hall, Kirby Moorside

BOOKING ONE! MR. DONALD GILLIES AND MISS "TINY" DENNISTOUN-SWORD



MISS DIANA LLOYD AND MR. J. DRUMMOND - HAY

THE FERNE POLO To Which Almost



SITTING IT OUT: MISS LINNET LAFONE AND MR. H. ROWAN-HAMILTON



MR. AND MRS. A. H. RIVERS-BULKELEY



MR. AND MRS. ALEC HAMBRO



MR. CHRIS MACKINTOSH AND MRS. WILLIAM RHODES-MOORHOUSE



MRS. JOE STREET AND MR. NORMAN HARTNELL



MISS PATRICIA WORMALD AND MR. W. A. MORRIS

The Ferne Polo Club Ball is now an annual fixture and owes most of its success to the efforts of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and the ducal house of Hamilton in general. The polo ground, the aerodrome field, is the property of the Duke, and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was one of the originators of this now prosperous polo club. The Ball was a blazing success and was held at Coombe House Hotel, Shaftesbury. A catalogue of the pictures must necessarily be cursory. Miss Dennistoun-Sword, seen at the top, is a playing member; the organiser's husband, Mr. Jimmy Drummond-Hay, is with Miss Diana Lloyd, who has a part in the new play, "Code of Honour"; Miss Linnet Lafone, seen sitting one out, is a niece of Lord Lytton. Mr. Rivers-Bulkeley (with wife) is in the Scots Guards; Mrs. Alec Hambro is the former Baba Beaton; and Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse the pretty Amalia Demetriadi, daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi. Mr. Chris Mackintosh was an Oxford Rugger Blue and is also a ski-ing expert. He married the Duke and Duchess's elder daughter, Lady Jean Hamilton. Miss Patricia Wormald is from the Blackmore Vale, and Mrs. Joe Street is seen having a word or two with the famous dress-designer

his page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available	

his page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available	

No. 1896, October 27, 1937] THE TATLER

lines do not in themselves demon-Mr. Gielgud (always incomparable when handling neurosis or instability) does this with sharp perception. Having seen him first as a royal person clothed in intelligence, you are soon made to realise that he is embarrassed by a throng of conflicting desires; that his purposes can be subtle, jealous (as in the Court dialogue after Bolingbroke's banishment), impulsive, cynical (as in the approach to John of Gaunt's deathbed), or obstinate with the obstinacy that crops up in erratic natures. That much, however, is at any rate implied in the script. What Mr. Gielgud introduces is the idea of Richard as a young man bathed in luxury and preciosity, concerned rather less for the realm than for the figure that he cuts in it; and beyond that, the impression of a monarch ridden by histrionic temperament. Behind the actor as King is the King as actor. This is conveyed with highly successful effect when, surrounded by his intimates, he rings the changes in attitude and emotion on hearing the details of disaster; when he exhibits his tortured eloquence in Flint Castle for the benefit of friends and enemies in turn; and when, at Westminster, he juggles with self-pity and scornful abasement in a manner which is all but masochistic. And the diction for the long soliloquy in Pomfret Castle, pre-ceding the groom's visit and the

King Who Was, now turned philosopher.

In a production well balanced between eloquence and movement, it is the ear which finds the most pleasure. It is futile, at this

assassination, suggests an instinctive actor

being his own audience for the rôle of the

"O, FULL OF CAREFUL BUSINESS
ARE HIS LOOKS"—GEORGE HOWE
(DUKE OF YORK)



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: HENRY ANDREWS (BUSHY), GLEN BYAM SHAW (MOWBRAY), MICHAEL REDGRAVE (BOLINGBROKE), LEON QUARTERMAINE (JOHN OF GAUNT)

time of day, to write of the rich range of melody in Mr. Gielgud's voice; but it happens that some of the best-known passages in *Richard II*. are particularly suited to its use.

Not all the waters in the rough, rude sea Can wash the balm off from the anointed King . . .

Here the music in delivery transforms the image from sound to imaginative vision.

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs . . . For God's sake let us sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.

The effect is of whispering cadence on an organ at which the stops and pedals delicately play upon the volume.

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says And send him many years of sunshin'd days.

Even this jingle acquires nobility from taut, melodious utterance. It can be said of Shakespeare's Richard that he is an unconscionable time in abdicating; but Mr. Gielgud sees to it that on this occasion there are

no longueurs in the process.

This memorable performance shares the limelight with half a dozen others that, within lesser range, are nearly as satisfying. For Mr. Gielgud, having surrounded himself with a group of unusually expert actors (who appear to get better each time they act together as a Shakespearean team), sees to it, as producer, that their rôles are never whittled down to the advantage of his own. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's John of Gaunt is as grand an old man as anybody could wish for. Never has the dying duke's rhapsody on England been better spoken or seemed more affecting. It is true that in this play any John of Gaunt starts with an advantage as the only important character (excepting the dim little Queen and the Bishop of Carlisle) who does not compromise with duty and honour and use high-sounding words to cloak a betrayal, a self-seeking compromise or a misdeed already done. But the part is one of two which, when they are well acted, can cause regret that they should promise much yet end so soon. Mr. Quartermaine invokes as much regret for his own early disappearance as for the Duke of Lancaster's death. So, also, with the Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk: as ably done by Glen Byam Shaw, he emits fire and a controlled virility which it would have been interesting to see developed. After his disappearance in exile, his enemy, Bolingbroke, never quite recovers the potent human note that distinguishes their turbulent quarrel; even though he masters England and Richard; even though Mr. Michael Redgrave continues to play him with more than adequate ability. Mr. Harcourt Williams, inside the rôle of the Bishop of Carlisle, enacts fortitude with fine distinction and gives clear-cut impression to the excellent prelate who might be the best man of action Conversely, a faintly ecclesiastical air clings to on the King's side. Mr. George Howe's attractive Duke of York, perhaps because of his robes, perhaps because he has played priests and bishops so often, perhaps

THE TATLER [No. 1896, OCTOBER 27, 1937

Studio Iris, Paris MLLE. ALICE COCÉA AND A FRIEND FROM SKYE

This clever actress is now appearing, under her own management, at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs in a new play by M. Lenormand entitled, Pacifique. Mlle. Alice Cocéa's part is that of a beautiful native girl, and her singing as well as her dancing of the hula-hula are highly agreeable features of the production

RÈS CHER,-On Tuesday evening we enjoyed the "annual function" that presents Paris with a new play by Henry Bernstein, and this, to even the most hardened first-nighter, means something rather special and exciting. Apart from the fact that Bernstein is the greatest of all living French dramatists, and that a production at the Gymnase Theatre means perfection of mise-en-scène, scenery and acting (I am putting the cart before the horse), there is an atmosphere about a Bernstein "première" that one finds nowhere else. I once heard a

reluctant admirer of Suzanne Lenglen resentfully declare: "No wonder the woman is unbeatable . . . there is something about her that hypnotises her adversary." Perhaps this applies to Bernstein also. There is a certain hypnotic quality in the silence that invariably attends the performance of his plays. I could wish, en passant, that this quality extended outside the theatre, reducing to, if not awed, at least courteous, silence the onlookers that gathered on either side of the red carpet to watch the arrival of the audience.

This winter's fashions do not seem to be to the taste of the Man in the Street, and since he is as grossly, and therefore unintelligently, destructive as Pierre Brisson in his criticism, many of our Young Lovelies arrived in the lobby of the theatre with more colour in their cheeks than when they left the shelter of their car. The snuffles and coughs of almost-the-same-audience, that had been so annoying the

Priscilla in Paris

evening before at the first night of H. R. Lenormand's play, Pacifique, at the Ambassadeurs, were miraculously banished at the Gymnase. The hushed, tense silence of sustained interest prevailed over the most virulent colds. My unfortunate stable-mate, who had arrived home late from the office that evening, and who had sacrificed his dinner in order to change, forgot his "aching void," but, terrified of resembling the Duchess whose "rumblings abdominal" were "simply phenomenal," tried to open a packet of Vichy tablets after the curtain had risen. Only the tiniest crackle of paper was heard, but the very charming lady who sat in front of us turned on him with a scandalised frown, to his great embarrassment, for the lady was Ruth Chatterton, and my good man wilted under her glance as completely as any Dodsworth.

It is quite impossible to give the synopsis of Le Cap des Tempêtes and yet render justice to what plot there is, for the play is composed of a thousand subtle touches that often seem irrelevant, and that nevertheless have their precise signification and remain subconsciously in one's memory, so that, at the appointed time, their meaning becomes clear, and one wonders at the impatience one may have felt. One feels, at certain moments, that one has no business to be listening to these unknown people. Do you remember Hans Andersen's story of the Goloshes of Fortune, when the wearer of the magic footgear walks through the hearts of his friends and discovers all that they are thinking? I felt that I was wearing these goloshes when I listened to

Le Cap des Tempêtes. I shall

always think of the characters in this play as of people that I have met, agreeing or disagreeing with them as living entities, but not criticising them as puppets created by a dramatist for the needs of a play. I do not think of them as well-known actors and actresses playing different parts, but as new and interesting acquaintances who strangely resemble such famous stars as Betty Daussmond, Jeanine Crispin, Lucienne Léger, Victor Francen, Claud Dauphin, Jean Wall and Georges Pally . . and this, I think, is the

forward, during a recent law-Woman Beautifier, who was being sued by a dissatisfied client, and to say how pleased

biggest compliment that I can pay to Bernstein qui n'en à que faire! There have been two other premières by dramatists of repute this week: Jean Cocteau's *Chévaliers de la* Table Ronde at the Œuvre, and Lenormand's Pacifique at the Ambassadeurs. The nicest thing I know about Cocteau is the way he came suit, to testify in favour of a

he was with the rejuvenating treatment she had given him. This was quite a noble thing to do, and I admire him for it . . . but it does not make me admire him as a writer of plays, so I gave the Œuvre a miss! At the Ambassadeurs, Alice Cocéa, who has produced *Pacifique* herself and who plays the principal part, has done a wunnerful job o' work. She appears as a young Polynesian maiden, and looks even younger and lovelier in the all-revealing costume that consists of a sheath-like skirt and a necklace of flowers than she did when first she came from Rumania and delighted us in musical comedy. rôle of Tuhina is an exacting one, but Alice dances and sings and portrays every emotion, from light comedy to drama, ending with one of the most movingly tragic death-scenes that I have seen on any stage for a long time. I do not like the play as a play . . . it would make a better film; but Alice is marvellous. PRISCILLA.



DONNA MARIA BADOGLIO DI ADDIS ABABA

The very decorative daughter of Marshal Badoglio, Duke of Addis Ababa, Chief of the Italian General Staff. Donna Maria is at present on a visit to Budapest, where she is being entertained on all sides. Her father, it will be remembered, succeeded General de Bono as Italy's General Officer Commanding in Abyssinia. Both Marshal Badoglio and his predecessor have published their versions of the Abyssinian campaign in book form

SOME OF THE NEW SHOWS ON THE FILMS



IN "WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE": VIRGINIA BRUCE, WARNER BAXTER AND LORETTA YOUNG



SONJA HENIE IN "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"



All the people and all the films mentioned on the films mentioned on this page are in the news. That attractive young thing, Sonja Henie, for instance, will be in "Lovely to Look At," in another skating part that suits her, early in November. "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," which is somewhat more sophisticated, made its bow to London at the Regal, Marble Arch, on October 22; and Loretta Young as the wife, Warner Baxter as the Doctor, and Virginia Bruce the lovely nurse, handle the tangled triangle story with much dex-terity. Mary Carlisle's most recent work for Paramount has been "Double or Nothing" and "Yesterday's Cheers," which we shall see very shortly. Frances Farmer is also in a big Paramount picture, "Ebb Tide"

(LEFT) (RIGHT)
MARY FRANCES
CARLISLE FARMER





DIPLOMAT SIR PERCY LORAINE CONVERSING WITH MRS. HORLICK



Prix du Conseil Municipal Day



MR. BERRY WALL, EVER-YOUNG AMERICAN BOULEVARDIER



MAJOR AND MRS. RALPH RAPHAEL HAD BEEN UP LATE, BUT FELT BRISK



CHIC PARISIENNES: MME. VAZANI AND HER DAUGHTER JACQUELINE

A very large crowd was at Longchamp on the Sunday that the Prix du Conseil Municipal (worth 200,000 francs) was run. English people present included our Ambassador to Turkey and his wife, Lady Loraine. Sir Percy Loraine is an owner over here and very keen on the game. Mr. Berry Wall, whose four-in-hand was famous on Fifth Avenue way back in the 'seventies, remains faithful to a black topper for smart racing purposes; his was the only one on view. Naturally, the Exhibition



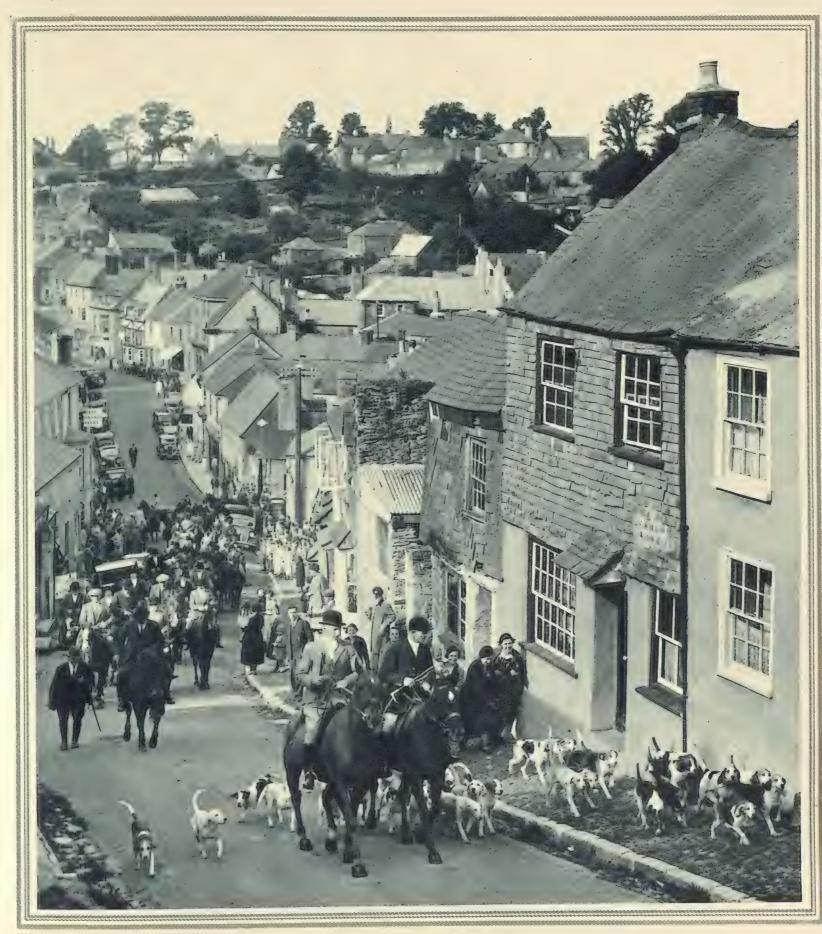
MISS JEAN WEIR AND MR. "ARCHIE"
COATS REPRESENTED AYRSHIRE



FRENCH-BORN MRS. FRANCIS SCOTT TALKING TO M. MARCEL GEOFFROY

looms large in visitors' plans, and the Ralph Raphaels had spent most of Saturday night there. Mlle. Jacqueline Vazani was one of the smartest of young Parisiennes to be seen at Longchamp. Note how cutely her furtrimmed coat is buttoned. Miss Jean Weir, who had her twenty-first birthday in Paris with her parents, put Scotland in the picture, and so did Mrs. Francis Scott, who is a Parisienne by birth and Scottish by marriage

No. 1896, October 27, 1937]



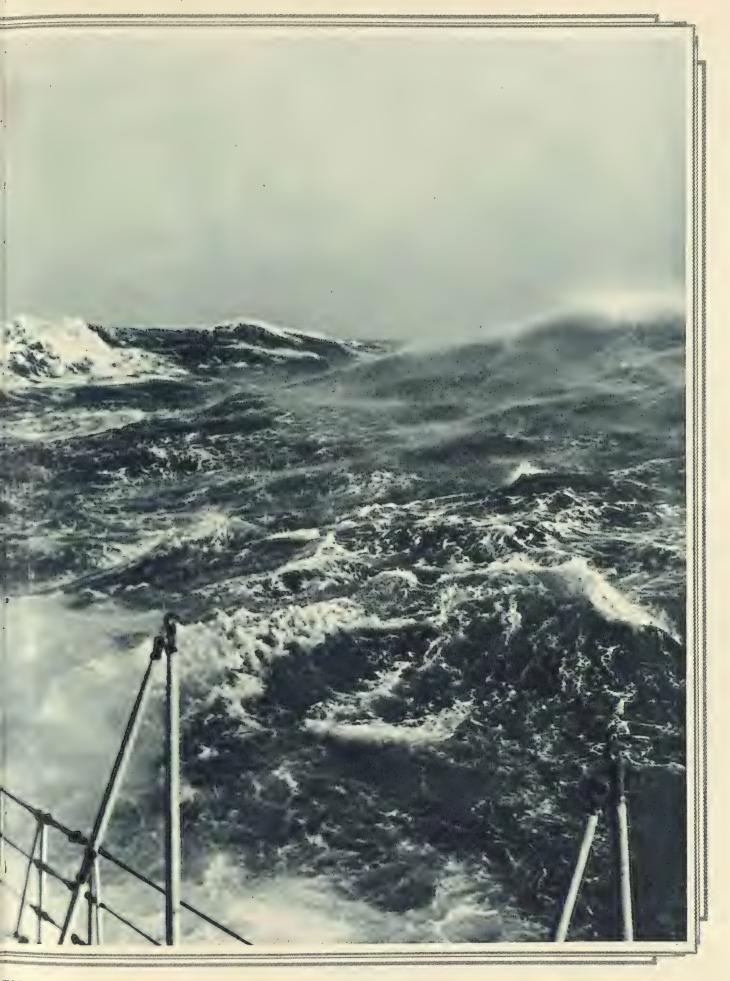
THE MODBURY HARRIERS' OPENING DAY

The picture was taken as the pack moved off up the main street of its own home town, Modbury, in South Devon. The Master is Captain H. A. B. Conran, and his huntsman, Leonard Farleigh. The country is on Dartmoor, and the foxhound pack crosses a part of it. It is pasture and plough about fifty-fifty. The pack was established about the middle of the nineteenth century, and they have 12 couple of 21-inch hounds in kennel as their normal establishment



"WHEREON THE WEALTH, SAFETY AND STREE

The above quotation is taken from the preamble to the Naval Discipline Act and they embody a historical fact of the highest importance. The phrase is finely implemented by the prayer which the Padre reads after Divisions on the quarter-deck, in which the Navy is described as "a safeguard unto our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord King George and his Dominions and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions." At the moment, the Navy is considerably concerned with those whose occasions are unlawful, and a ceaseless destroyer patrol is maintained in the Mediterranean. What conditions



ENGTH OF THE KINGDOM CHIEFLY DEPEND"

are like aboard those snaking, twisting, shuddering little craft in heavy weather may well be judged from this fine picture of battleships forging through what the lower-deck is pleased to call "Two-penn'orth of Rough." The photograph was taken from aft in "Royal Sovereign"; "Resolution" and "Ramillies" are seen following. It is a big sea that can go so far toward blotting out the huge bulk of the next astern, but there is a reassuring sense of power in the majestic poise of the great ships which, in fair weather or foul, shoulder the responsibility for the security of the realm, which on them chiefly depends



YURA LAZOVSKY AS THE FLAUTIST
IN "LE LION AMOUREUX"

"Le Lion Amoureux" was the last ballet to be presented in England by the De Basil Ballets before their departure for America. It is based on one of La Fontaine's fables; the choreography is Lichine's own and the music by Karol Rathaus. Lichine figures as the Lion who is in love. One of the leading figures of the company which has had so successful a season at Covent Garden, he won as much favour in this ballet as he has in his previous performances, which is no light praise. Yura Lazovsky is a young member of the brilliant company and a fine dancer of great promise. He is seen as the flautist in the same event

ON LEFT: DAVID LICHINE IN "LE LION AMOUREUX"

No. 1896, OCTOBER 27, 1937] THE TATLER

SIR HORACE DAWKINS AND HIS DAUGHTER

AT WINCANTON STEEPLECHASES



MRS. RUBIN WITH LORD



MR. MAX NIVEN AND LORD LORD STALBRIDGE WITH THE AND LADY NORMANTON HOLD CLARE AND EILEEN PHIPPS A CONSULTATION



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RUSSELL AND MRS. RICH (CENTRE)



THE HON. PATRICK BELLEW, MISS DIANA LLOYD, MR. GERALD WILLS AND THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW

The tricky state of the going has been too fierce for steeplechasing to be more than just practicable, and fields were very small at Wincanton, Epiphanes walking-over in the Romsey Handicap. Sir Horace Dawkins, who is seen with his daughter, was formerly Consul-General at Venice. In 1930 he was appointed Clerk of the House of Commons. Lord Cranley is the Earl of Onslow's only son; he married, in 1936, the Hon. Pamela Dillon, Lord Dillon's only daughter. Mr. Max Niven is a brother of David Niven, the film-star, and is with Lord Normanton and his wife, formerly the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, whom he married in July. Lord Stalbridge, a former Joint-Master of the Fernie and a keen yachtsman as well, is seen dispensing valuable advice to the daughters of Captain and Lady Sybil Phipps. He had Pirita running in the third race, but unplaced. The Hon. Patrick Bellew, that clever humorous artist, married in 1936 the Hon. Catherine Beresford, Lord Decies' younger daughter

MISSES DIANA,



APPROACHING THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HARROWBY AND THEIR FAMILY

On November 16 Lord and Lady Harrowby will celebrate their golden wedding. Lord Harrowby is Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, and the picture was taken at Sandon Hall, in that county. The group includes:

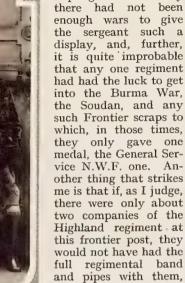
Lord and Lady Harrowby, Lord Sandon (son and heir) and Lady Sandon, the Hon. Dudley Ryder (eldest grandson), the Hon. John Ryder (grandson), the Hon. Frances Ryder (granddaughter), and the Lady Frances Ryder (daughter)

N indignant correspondent of one of our contemporaries complains that a Spanish News Agency which is called the "Fibus" not been exhibiting a taste exact for faultless fact which amounts to a disease. Some people always are reaching for the moon.

L ong years ago there existed an animal called a Chalicotherium, which was described as "something like a horse." This animal is not extinct, the only difference being that nowadays he is described like this: "Something like a horse." Most dealers keep this animal on tap. Since those

way-back times, however, another animal has come into existence which is nothing like a horse. From pictures I have seen, the Chalicotherium was not a pretty animal, but this modern animal has got him beaten all ends up for ugliness. As Mr. Damon Runyon so truly remarks, some horses are just "buzzard meat."

In this new film Wee Willie Winkie, in which the story is supposed to deal with that exciting region, the North-West Frontier of India, I see it stated that amongst the transport animals used is the elephant, the region being the Khyber Pass, nowa-days almost as dull a place as New Bond Street. It is a pity that they forgot the giraffe and the rhinoceros. They would have added an extra kick. It would be interesting to know how Sergeant Victor McLaglen collected such a "nice breast of medals," for his service could not have dated back to the Peninsular, or even the Crimea. At the time



wear them do not look like hardbitten, scrub-faced soldiermen, such as are usually met with under those circumstances - some are far too fat and well-fed. Women and children used not to be allowed at Frontier posts, and were rarely nearer the "fire" than Peshawar—a big cantonment and more or less safe, even



MR. J. E. LOVELOCK, THE FAMOUS MILER

E. Lovelock, the famous New Zealander, is, in addition to being a crack miler, the holder of the world's 1500 metres record (1936). The picture was taken at the recent wedding of Mr. T. F. Wolff, the Olympic run-ner, and Miss Natalie Byrne



Howard Barrett

ALSO AT CATTERICK

A group of well-knowns all flushed by the camera at the same moment. Left to right: Mr. Murless, the trainer, Mr. Harry Marshall, another, and for many years huntsman of the Húrworth, Mr. J. M. Barwick, M.F.H. (Bedale), and Mr. H. P. Bell, owner of the crack hurdler "Hill Song," and manyothers which he rides himself



Howard Barrett

AT CATTERICK BRIDGE RACES

Brigadier-General Sir Loftus Bates and Mrs. Giles Bates passing the time of day between races at Catterick, where the going, they say, was "terrible" hard. Mrs. Giles Bates is the General's daughter-in-law, and he was formerly a very well-known personality in the K.D.G.s

By "SABRETACHE"



MR. RONALD SQUIRE, THE FAMOUS ACTOR

Ronald Squire is keeping himself fit and happy playing squash every day whilst he waits for a theatre for the new play in which he is to appear and the title of which is "His Wife's Castle." He has now quite recovered from that bad motor smash

though people driving to the Club for dinner used to be sniped, and sentries have been cut up quite often. Kipling never was in a Frontier scrap, and "Wee Willie Winkie," as I have always thought, was rather nonsense, so Hollywood may have some excuse for part of what has been done, but not for all. After what Hollywood did to poor Yeats-Brown, I suppose nothing ought to surprise us. No cavalry regiment has ever taken a Frontier fort at the gallop, as the coves in Lives of a Bengal Lancer did. That was a really funny touch.

The best item of hunting news at the moment is that my friend of many Brigadier - General years, Giles Courage, has gone back to the Bicester as a de facto Master. He was a big success when he and Mr. Oliver Gilbey had the country in 1933-36 on behalf of the Committee, and it is not at all surprising that they want him back to join Mr. R. E. Field Marsham, who took on at the beginning of last season. There is quite enough work for two in this long, stragglingshaped country, even with one Master hunting hounds two days out of the four, and Clarence Johnson taking them the other two. But



Truman Howell

AT THE PERSHORE STEEPLECHASES

Coming straight at the camera are Mrs. A. A. Sidney Villar, whose horses have been in great form lately, and Captain J. B. Powell, who trains for her, with Mrs. Powell. The day this picture was taken he sent out a winner, Mr. A. D. Wingfield's "Lady Pamela"



FOUR GENERATIONS: A GROUP AT STOWELL PARK

Lord Vestey is seen here at Stowell Park with his son, daughter-in-law, grandson, two granddaughters, and two great-grandsons, Michael Cripps being the son of Mrs. M. J.

Kingscote. The members of this family group are:

Standing: Mrs. J. H. Payne, Mr. W. H. Vestey (son of the Hon. Samuel Vestey), Lord Vestey, the Hon.

Mrs. Samuel Vestey, the Hon. Samuel Vestey and Mrs. M. J. Kingscote. Sitting, l. to r.: Christopher Payne and Michael Cripps

this quite apart, Giles Courage is the right fellow to have in any country, because he has that undefinable gift, a genius for leadership. In a book I have come across, "Three Lives—and Now," by Major Stephen Foot, R.E., this is referred to. The author served with him, and he says in his book: "One of the chief attributes of leadership is the ability to give people the idea that you are really interested in them"; and, "I have seen Colonel Courage at the end of a most exhausting day, when he must have been quite fagged out, stop suddenly and start talking to an N.C.O. exactly as if this was the moment he had been waiting for all day." That is exactly what won Giles so much success in his former Bicester Mastership: he was

everyone's friend, including the people who hunt on wheels and the nowadays large "infantry" contin-He had them all gent. facing in the same direction, and I recall an incident which is rather illustrative. The Bicester were drawing a long covert, and when at last they managed to push him away, the fox broke towards a regular phalanx of people on foot: they all promptly lay down, and the fox went clean through them. If he had been headed back, the whole job would have had to be done over again; as it was, a clipping good hunt eventuated. There is another kind of "leadership" he understands very well, for when they really go, as these hounds can, he is pretty nearly certain to book a front seat in the stalls, in spite of a broken neck and a few other minor bones. He was always pretty near firstclass, a very good G.R. in the days when we were boys together, as you might say, and the No. 1 of the 15th Hussars polo team when they were at the peak of their form. These are some of the reasons why I think



Truman Howell

MORE PERSHORE PATRONS

Anyone who runs and rides a steeplechaser at the moment is very intrepid! They carried it through at Pershore, however, with some success. In the above group are Mr. W. Holman, Mrs. Max Barthropp (E. P., the trainer, sent out a winner), Lady Sibell Lygon, and Danny Morgan, the well-known jockey

(Continued on page X11)



MR. STEPHEN PLAYER ALL SET FOR BERKSHIRE PHEASANTS



LORD

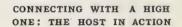
EBURY'S

SHOOT

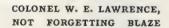
At his Home

in Berkshire

LORD EBURY AND CAPTAIN "TOMMY" McDOUGAL, M.F.H.



When Lord Ebury recently had a shoot at Kingston Bagpuize, in Berkshire, the weather was ideal, birds came splendidly, and all the guns were in good eye, so even the keeper was pleased. The host dealt with a high one just at the right moment for the camera, and was also photographed with a near neighbour. Captain McDougal—"Tommy" to a huge circle of friends—lives at Tulney House, and took on the sole Mastership of the Old Berks at the end of last season. He had previously been in office jointly with his stepdaughter, Mrs. N. G. Richards, who was formerly Miss Marigold Mills



No one enjoyed Lord Ebury's shoot more than that model of restrained keenness, Colonel W. E. Lawrence's field spaniel, Blaze. His owner used to be in the Scots Greys, and now lives at Kempsford, near Fairford, in Gloucestershire. Major-General Sir Charles Corkran, seen with his hostess, commanded the Grenadiers after the war, and retired in 1932 after being G.O.C., London District; he was appointed Sergeant - at - Arms, House of Lords, last year. Lord and Lady Ebury (she was Miss Anne Acland-Troyte till 1933), moved to Kingston Bagpuize from Croxley Green a year or so ago. They are a great asset to Berkshire's sporting and social occasions, as well as to the many and various county undertakings with which they identify themselves



LADY EBURY AND SIR C. CORKRAN



MAJOR AND MRS. N. S. WILSON

No. 1896, October 27, 1937] THE TATLER



Elizabeth Anden

Autumn gaiety will make demands upon you — Elizabeth Arden will help you to achieve perfection.



"JOCK," THE COLLIE, DEREK, AND "BILLY"-A VETERAN OF THE FLOCK

The gentleman in the centre of this group is Derek Sandaver, the two-and-a-half-year-old son of a Southwell fruit-grower: but "Billy" is the great local character, nine years old, toothless, condemned to death as a lamb, reprieved because he escaped and hid in the house of the butcher who was to have slaughtered him, and ever since the pet of the whole populace, by whom he is fed wherever he goes

HE annual staff dinner was in progress. When the cigars of the directors and the gaspers of the employees had been lit up, the managing director got on his feet and began to tell all his usual "chestnuts" to the assembly.

As was also usual, everybody laughed uproariously—all, that is, except one little man, and he never even smiled once. It was not long before the managing director noticed the dismal face in front of him.

of him.
"You don't seem to find my stories amusing, Jones," he remarked ominously.

"I have no need to," replied Jones quietly, "I'm leaving to-morrow."

* * * *

"You are my prisoner," announced the enemy at manœuvres.

"Nonsense," replied the sergeant.
"How did you get here?"

"Over the bridge."

"Then, my dear fellow, you are drowned. We blew up that bridge yesterday."

The minister met the local village reprobate walking down the lane, and observed that he was

drunk, as usual.

"Look here, Tom," said the minister earnestly, "why don't you fight against your longing for drink? When you are severely tempted, just stop and think of your wife at home."

The drunkard sighed heavily. "Tain't no use," he replied gloomily. "When I've got a real good thirst on me—well, I'm absolutely devoid of fear."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK



Houston Rogers

MISS CELIA JOHNSON, WHO IS JUDITH IN "OLD MUSIC"

The Crimea play by Keith Winter has seemingly dug itself in at the St. James's Theatre, and has clever Celia Johnson as one of the three sides in the somewhat hectic triangle complication which has been devised. Celia Johnson's excellent performance as Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice" is still fresh in everyone's memory "Tell me, captain," said one of the passengers on the cruise, "do you think a light diet or an ordinary meal is the best preventive for sea-sickness?"

"" Well," said the captain, a keen bridge-player, thoughtfully, "it really depends on whether you prefer to discard from weakness or strength."

A well-known citizen of a country town had been arrested for illicitly selling whisky.

As he stood in the dock of the local court, the colour of his nose was most evident to all the spectators. After the prosecuting counsel had finished his speech and called his witnesses, the prisoner's own counsel stood up.

"Look at the defendant," he said, pointing to his client. "I ask you—can you honestly say he looks like a man who would sell whisky, if he had it?"

In less than a minute the jury returned its verdict: "Not Guilty!"

Two commercial travellers met in the dining-room of an hotel.

"Of course, you're from Lancashire?" said one, after a few minutes' conversation.

"Yes, I am, as a matter of fact," admitted the other. "But why do you ask?"

why do you ask?"
"Oh, I was just accounting for your accent," was the reply.

The Lancastrian then asked where the other came from.

"Worcester," was the reply.
"Ah, well," remarked the other,
"now I can account for your sauce."





A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

to make bricks without straw, but the fact remains that over and over again you may see players of considerable standing making elementary mistakes. There is, for instance, the full-back who time after time neglects to open up the angle for his kick. The fault of kicking with the wrong foot is common enough, and is usually to be attributed to the fact that the kicker has never learnt to be two-footed, yet that useful accomplishment can be learnt by anybody with any sense after two or three weeks' practice. And only last week we saw an old Blue leaping energetically into the mêlée of a line-out with his eyes fast shut, and on another occasion, when the throw-in was against his side, he stood majestically alone. Further comment is hardly necessary.

THE TONBRIDGE SCHOOL XV. WHICH BEAT "THE SHOP" (BELOW, ON RIGHT)

This team beat the R.M.A. by 24 points to 3, which was a bit more than a mere victory and approximated to a rout. They have also beaten Tonbridge Town 16 to 3, The Harlequins 23 to 12, and Richmond A 13 to 10. Some school side! The names in the above picture are (l. to r.; standing): R. E. Meliar-Smith, P. R. Messum, T. Beevers, R. G. Cave, C. H. Pillman, F. W. P. Taylor and R. J. Bower. (Sitting) D. R. Cobb, D. B. Law, J. A. Dew, K. M. Dibben (captain), P. Corker and F. J. Symer. (On ground) D. T. Greene and F. A. Greene

DEAR TATLER,

FEW days ago I had a letter from one of the keenest and bestknown observers of the Rugby game in which he complained that he frequently had to spend many dull hours watching games which were by no means distinguished for brilliancy and dash. I am afraid that this is a common complaint nowadays, and explains the fact that so many people find other occupations for Saturday afternoons. There are, of course, many more attractions than there used to be, but no doubt this dullness and lack of variety does account for many absentees. It is true that only the experienced player, and perhaps only a forward at that, can be expected to appreciate fully the joys of forward play, but the modern forward falls

short in many respects of his predecessor of a few years ago. Take, for example, the line-out, which has in late years developed into a clumsy and inefficient method of restarting the game after the ball has gone into touch. Once upon a time there was a chance for an active as well as hefty forward to break away from the line-out with the ball in his possession, sometimes putting it down and starting a dribble, or beginning a round of passing, or even getting in a useful kick to touch, and always, of course, he would have an eye open for a possible opportunity to dash through and score. Nowadays, the wing three-quarter, usually hating this part of his job, throws the ball out to the expected spot, and after an unseemly brawl in mass formation and a lot of pointless delay, a scrummage is ordered. One can sympathise with the onlookers who object to so much waste of time, which will always continue as long as the forwards stand in a heap more or less opposite each other instead of actually lining-out. Much of the fine forward work in the old days came from the line-out. What a contrast to-day!

My friend also wanted to know where the majority of Rugby players of to-day pick up their knowledge of the game. Most of them presumably learnt its rudiments at school, but one is bound to admit that they do not show it. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to blame the coaches, who may be labouring



Photos.: Stuart

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY XV.

The Shop could not go upsides with Tonbridge School (above) in their recent encounter, but have otherwise done well since term began—won 4 and lost 2. The names in the group are (l. to r.; standing): H. St. G. Pollock, J. M. Mayne, J. B. H. Daniel, B. A. B. Taylor, J. G. Palmer, J. H. Collins and J. A. Goschen. (Sitting) K. H. Bennett, D. Minchin, M. E. Fletcher, A. L. King-Harman (captain), W. H. Skinner and J. M. Simpson. (On ground) E. D. V. Prendergast and I. S. Kerlan

There have been more crops of penalty goals lately, and several important matches have been decided by more or less successful place-kicking. The other day our old friend H. Boughton, of Gloucester, who once kicked three penalty goals against an unlucky Irish side, kicked four against Torquay Athletic. It is obvious that referees are becoming more alive to their responsibilities, and it is more than ever obvious that no side should go into the field without one or two expert goal-kickers. H. G. Owen-Smith, by the way, has made a very popular appearance as a referee in the West Country, and Wing-Commander J. S. Chick is also repaying part of his debt to the game at which he made his name.

For some reason or other—mainly, I am afraid, purely sensational—there is a continued attempt to keep the question of the resumption of Rugby relations with France before a bored and unsympathetic public. It is safe to say that not one Rugby enthusiast in a hundred cares two hoots whether International matches are played with France or not. Wild attempts to drag Mr. Eden into the business will fail entirely, for nobody believes that the Foreign Secretary, brilliant as he is, can have any time to spare to listen to the alleged moaning of French politicians. We had our lesson when the politicians interfered, not very successfully, in a certain cricket controversy, and a great English captain was sacrificed,





Trophies won by the 'Ovaltine'
Jersey Herd in 1937.

Successes of the famous 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd

584 Awards at the Leading Agricultural Shows

IT is an interesting fact that 'Ovaltine' cows have figured prominently in the prize list of every Agricultural Show in which they have been entered.

This consistent success has been achieved because the cows are of the finest pedigree strains and because ideal conditions prevail at the 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm. This model Farm, situated near the 'Ovaltine' Factory at King's Langley, Herts, is probably the most up-to-date and scientifically conducted Dairy Farm in the world.

The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm was established to set the highest standards of quality and purity for the many thousand gallons of milk which, with the finest malt extract and new-laid eggs, are used each day in the preparation of 'Ovaltine'—the supreme tonic food beverage.



Royal Royal Counties Chow

51 AWARDS including Four 1st. Prizes and Four Challenge Cups

Shropshire Shropshire Show Show (1937 First year of entry)

19 AWARDS including Five 1st. Prizes, Two Champions & Everdon Cup





A MIGRATING SONGSTER: MADAME NOVELLO-DAVIES

Madame Novello-Davies was flying from Croydon to Paris, where her Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir was to sing at the Exhibition. Thirty-seven years ago, also, she crossed the Channel with her choir to sing at the previous Paris Exhibition. Mr. Ivor Novello, her son, is seeing her off. This was her first flight

therein to the fact that we get round the problems of transport by going round and round them. People have said that man is to be distinguished from the animals because he uses fire, or because he laughs, or because he talks, or because he wears clothes, or because he uses wine, or because he reads the newspapers; but I think the centre point upon which the difference, literally, turns is the use of the wheel; or, since we are delving deep, the use of the principle of angular displacement of one member of a unit relative to another, infinitely and continuously. Now, the fixed-wing aeroplane does not employ this principle; whereas the moving-wing aircraft, such

as the Cierva autogiro and the Hafner gyroplane, does. Ever since I talked with the late Don Juan de la Cierva, when he first arrived in England, I have believed that there is a big future for moving-wing aircraft; and to-day, although we have seen a superficial lull in its development. I believe in its future more firmly than ever.

And my conviction was supported by the extraordinarily good paper read by Mr. R. Hafner before the Royal Aeronautical Society the other day. It was concerned with his own machine, and it gave many facts and figures about it and about the method by which it is controlled. The Hafner gyroplane can take off vertically, the pilot "feeling" it into the air with the lift lever, and it can land without a run. It is also highly manœuvrable, as, Flying Officer Clouston demonstrated at the Royal Aeronautical Society's gardenparty, and also at the display organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. I am a little uncertain about its performance. According to calculation, it should be fast for its power; but I do not know if any figures have been obtained under properly controlled performance test conditions. At any rate, Mr. Hafner has contributed notably to the technique of moving-wing flight, and his name must be ranked immediately below that of Señor de la Cierva as a

AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

Wheels and Wings.

THE analogy between the wheel as used in surface transport and the wing as used in rotating-wing aircraft was pointed out by me a great many years ago in my little book "Æolus, or the Future of the Flying-Machine." I drew attention pioneer in this work. I have the fullest confidence that this form of aircraft is going to go forward and to prosper.

Private Flying.

And the kind of work for which it seems to me to offer the most marked advantages is for private flying. Do not let us try and evade the fact that private flying, so far, has been a failure. Time after time a development comparable with that of motoring has been predicted; time after time the prediction has proved to be ill-founded. And now aviation is in serious danger of becoming nothing more than one of war's chief lackeys. I do not deny that, although I have strongly supported the building up of the Royal Air Force in order to secure the safety of the country, I have also seen that the work has been against the larger interests of aviation. Aviation has had to suffer in order that we shall be safe. On the face of it, aviation has profited; but it is a fake profit. No sure foundation for flying in the future can be found in armaments. So I have always been watching and waiting for the private-owner aeroplane. I have looked with sympathy upon the feather-planes, with small motor-

cycle type engines. I welcomed the *Pou du Ciel* movement and saw hope in that. But, for reasons which it is extremely hard to pin down, private flying still failed to make any appreciable headway. The number of private owners—genuine private owners, who are not connected professionally with aviation—is to-day as negligible as it was ten years ago. But now this recent work with the rotating-wing aircraft gives new hope.

Talk to any genuine private owner who tries to use his aeroplane regularly, and he will refer within five minutes to the



A CANDIDATE FOR AFRICAN RECORD
HONOURS: MRS. KIRBY GREEN
Mrs. Kirby Green hopes to beat Amy
Johnson's Cape record. She is completing
her arrangements at the time of going to
press, and hopes to start, with a co-pilot,
at the first occasion of full moon

advantages of being "able to put the machine down anywhere." It is the eternal wish of the flyer. To be able to put the machine down anywhere. And it is the wish no aircraft designer in the fixed-wing classes has yet been able to fulfil. We have had some machines which land in remarkably short distances, (Contl. on p. 188)



SCOTLAND'S FIRST PILOT: MR. JAMES
WEIR WITH MRS. IAIN HILLEARY AT
LONGCHAMP

Mr. James Weir is a notable figure of the early days of flying; he has the distinction of being the holder of the first Scottish pilot's licence. He was at the recent autumn meetings at Longchamp



[No. 1896, OCTOBER 27, 1937 THE TATLER



Pierrot took her workworn fingers in his long, white hand and raised them to his lips, whereupon Gert "came over all goosey!"

T was early. The sea was a shimmering pool and the sun shone lightly on the row of tall boarding-houses which faced the water. Walking on the deserted pavement which separated these establishments from the roadway and then from the promenade, came a slender, white-clad figure. He twirled a half-opened rose in his finger-tips and he smiled as his eyes roved over the town with its damp, red roofs and gardens gay with flowers. With less satisfaction he inspected the small, white-painted stage on the sands which announced itself the property of Peter's Pierrots.

He shrugged eloquent shoulders then, and turned away to see before him, Gert, who, kneeling on the pavement, was scrubbing what she always erroneously referred to as my steps.'

Standing unheeded, because unseen, at her side, the whiteclad figure observed that Gert was augmenting her hot water with the addition of a shower of scalding tears, which was

altogether wrong on such a morning.
Suddenly, with a final and violent sniff, Gert gathered up her pail and brush and went indoors, and silently the whiteclad form followed her down the dark stairs which led to the basement. No one saw him enter, for no one ever does see the entrance of Pierrot. There is just a sudden, unusual brightness in the place, a sudden, unusual lightness in the heart, and Pierrot is there.

This was doubtless why Gert found herself able to greet her fellow-slave with a smile. Lily, buxom and blonde, was already at breakfast, sipping tea with her little finger elegantly poised.

'Sgoing to be a nice day," she observed. "You take my advice, Gert, and get yourself a boy and go to the pierrots, seeing it's your evening off. Some folks would do with a lesson, if you ask me.

Oh, I couldn't, Lil. You don't know 'ow I feel." "Don't act so silly! He'll soon be fed up with that hard-faced piece, you take my word! And 'urry up with your breakfast, she's none too sweet this morning.'

At that moment She descended. She was a hard-faced woman whose bosom was adorned with many hanging chains,

THE GODS TAKE HAND

> B_y MABEL DEAN

and at sight of her, Pierrot shrank into a corner.

"Now, come along, girls!" she said in a corrugated voice. "No time for gossiping in this house! And which of you has been using scent?" She sniffed fiercely, "Don't dare contradict me! The place reeks of it! Roses! I will not allow-

Pierrot listened, his eyes dark with horror, until the raucous voice ceased its nagging and its owner went upstairs. observed Lily, comprehensively. "Fur

" 'Struth!" thing, too, but there is a smell of roses about this morning.

Noticed it meself."
"'Sright!" Sniffing, Gert nodded. "Didn't notice it before! Anyway, I 'aven't been using any in my barf!' Giggling, she gathered up her tools and went upstairs, with Pierrot at her heels.

A pretty, brown-haired girl turned from a mirror as Gert,

knocking politely, entered a bedroom.

Good morning, Gertie! I was just thinking about you. Could you use this green frock, d'you think? It doesn't seem to suit me, but it would look splendid with that auburn hair of yours! The rowing-boat young man would be

knocked even more of a heap to see you in that!"
"Oo, Miss! Oo, thank you, Miss!"
Gert touched the frock with timid, roughened fingers, and for a moment forgot that the young man from the rowing-boats had defaulted. Pierrot touched it, too, and as their hands met among the folds, Gert laughed, softly,

For the rest of that day, Pierrot sat on the top step of Marine View, while holiday-making crowds passed him by, sometimes touching him in passing, their laughter growing

gayer as they went.

Not until dusk fell did Gert emerge in all the bravery of the green frock, and as she walked along the promenade she was by no means wanting for admirers; but none of them would she have.

She walked alone—or so she thought—only halting when she reached the white-painted stage whose crimson curtains were still closely-drawn against the audience, who sat in a

semi-circle of chairs on the yellow sands.

Gert's face went dark as she saw them in the third row from the front—the hard-faced piece in a too-revealing frock and Tom from the rowing-boats in all the glory of his best navy suit and the white thigh-boots which, with his cap set at a jaunty angle over his blue eyes, made him such a heart-breaking hero of romance.

For a moment Gert hesitated, half-inclined to go on her way, but Pierrot laid his fingers on her arm and, half-unwillingly, she took a chair directly behind that of her faith-less swain. Tom glanced over his shoulder as the newcomer jostled him slightly, blushing brick-red to see Gert. But Gert's eyes were fixed determinedly on the crimson curtain, just rising to the strains of a wearied piano.

For a long, tragic moment, Pierrot, standing there unseen, gazed at the white-clad group before him. His eyes wandered from their beruffled costumes to his own shapeless garment.

They were so alike-and so very unlike!

They were dancing to the strains of the piano, a whirl of white arms and legs, and presently the burden of their song was left to a tall young man with skilfully-painted face,

THE TATLER
No. 1896, OCTOBER 27, 1937

TEN WOOLLIES

ASK TO SEE A LARGE SELECTION OF MODELS AT

When choosing Woollies— look for this woven label

REGENT STREET, W.1.

THE GODS TAKE A HAND—(Contd. from page 182)

whose beaded lashes played havoc with the hearts of holiday-making girlhood.

You are my heart's delight, And where you are,

I long to be . . ."

So he sang, passionately, and with a leap, Pierrot reached the stage, taking the sleeve of the singer in his fingers and pulling him gently round until his gaze, roving over the audience, fell on a green-clad, auburn-haired girl who, leaning forward a little, was listening, rapt and adoring, her aching heart hungry for romance.

The eyes of the singer lingered on Gert's face. He flung out his arms, letting the wide sleeves hang, foolishly, as he

sang-to her!-to blushing, overwhelmed Gert!

And in the row before her, Tom from the rowing-boats swore under his breath and glared at the singer in impotent fury. But Gert sat entranced, gazing deeply into the danger-ously-painted eyes which held her own, heedless alike of Tom's fury or the baleful glances of the hard-faced piece.

At last, too soon, the curtains fell again, shutting out the world of grease-paint and glamour. The pianist played

"God Save the King" and yawned aloud, and the fat little comedian thought of fish and chips as his wife hoped fervently that their landlady hadn't forgotten to order the stout she needed for her vocal cords.

And Gert, casting a lingering glance over her shoulder, saw a painted face appear for an instant between the parted curtains. She gave a shy, goodnight smile to the singer whose job it was to give the girls a thrill.

Slinking at her heels, Pierrot saw that the time had come when he must be seen as well as felt. So that when Gert glanced round again, it was to discover, with a frightened, delighted little gasp, a slender, white-clad form beside her, whose dark eyes were regarding her with an eternity of understanding in their sombre depths.

sombre depths.
"Oo! Ooer!" Gert
was frankly aghast at
the turn she deemed
her affairs to have
taken. "Oo, I say,
you know, you didn't
oughter! I mean—
following me, you
know! I mean, I
dunno what'll happen
if She hears about
it!"

Pierrot smiled, and the eloquent gesture which accompanied the smile satisfied his companion, for she giggled, softly, and continued her walk, occasionally flashing him a provocative glance from under her lashes. "You are a one, no mistake!" she giggled. "The way you sang, you know! Right at me! Whatever people must have thought! I could have died, I could, reely!"

Pierrot smiled again in gentle self-mockery. It was a joke indeed to masquerade as one who masqueraded as Pierrot! However, he had set himself a job and he meant to see it through.

"You pierrots are, you know," observed Gert, profoundly.

"You reely are!"

Pierrot acknowledged the dashing implication with an airy wave of his hand. Gert, seemingly, regarded his silent eloquence as one of his "ways," and left it at that, content to have got even with Tom to the astonishing extent of letting him see her being escorted home by one of the pierrots!

Quite enormously she was enjoying the envious glances of other girls who could see that she had enslaved a member of the troupe to the extent of his being unable to wait and

change his costume!

But what of his face, some folk may wonder! There was surely some difference between the face of Pierrot and the painted features of the young man who wore—almost!—Pierrot's clothes by way of earning a living? But there wasn't, very much! There never is much

difference between the face of Pierrot and the face of the man you wish to be Pierrot—for the moment!

Gaily, therefore, Gert chattered on, with her escort an attentive listener. Perhaps it was as well that Marine View was such a short distance away, for continued silence, even when eloquent and flattering, is not a characteristic generally admired in a lover, more especially in the lover of a lady named Gert whose hair is red and whose temper is in accordance.

Her door was reached, however, before glamour had had time to wear thin, and she held out a bashful hand.

"Thanks aw'fly for seeing me home," she said. "I enjoyed the show ever so, I did reely!"

Pierrot took her workworn fingers in his long, white hand and raised them to his lips, whereupon Gert, as she afterwards told Lily, "came over all goosey!" When he released her hand, he left in her fingers a rose.

"Oo, thank you ever so much!" said Gert. This was romance

This was romance indeed, though even as she spoke, Pierrot, watchful-eyed, had seen the sudden movement of a tall figure in white thigh-boots who lurked behind a lamppost. In a flash he was invisible, and Gert found herself instead, face to face with an irate, sunburnt young man. (Contd. on page xviii)



LADY RADNOR, M.F.H., AND HER HUNTER FORSHANE

Lady Radnor is the new Joint-Master of the Wilton Hounds with Major A. E. Phillips, a former Joint-Master of the Tedworth. It is very appropriate that the Radnor family should be associated with this hunt, as it was originated by the fourth Earl in 1869 with kennels at Longford Castle. This mastership lasted till 1883. The fifth Lord Radnor hunted the country from 1890 to 1897. The above picture was taken in the grounds of Longford Castle. Lady Radnor was formerly Miss Helena Adeane



In addition to Jewelled Watches Ciro also offers the finest inexpensive plain watches obtainable anywhere. In a wide variety of exclusive designs of exceptional daintiness and charm they are the lowest priced quality Watches on the Market. You should see them. May we send you our Catalogues of both Plain and Jewelled Watches?

MOVEMENTS WORTHY OF THEIR CASES All Ciro Watches are fitted with fine quality Jewelled and fully compensated tested lever movements and are covered by the most generous and most comprehensive guarantee in the whole of the Jewellery Trade.



prices cannot tempt you to buy a Real Diamond Watch you can hardly resist one equally lovely set with Ciro Diamonds-at an even more insignificant price. Hundreds to choose from.

BOND ST

*Copyright =

48, OLD BOND STREET, W.I 9 178, REGENT STREET, W.I 9 120, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

BIRMINGHAM - 121 New St. GLASGOW - 95 Buchanan St. LIVERPOOL - 23 Church St. MANCHESTER 14 St. Ann's Sq.



THE WEDDING OF LORD PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART TO MISS JANE VON BAHR

A group taken at the reception at the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute's town house, 22, Mansfield Street, after the wedding of their fourth son at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Miss Jane von Bahr, daughter of Captain and Mrs. von Bahr, of Stockholm. The bridesmaids and little train-bearers seen in the above picture are the Princess Antoinette von Croy, Miss Ema Sampognaro, Miss Connie Roces, Miss Osla Benning, Miss Laura Sampognaro, and the Hon. Antoinette Preston. Their very charming dresses were of pale cyclamen-tinted satin, made with short boleros, and their cap head-dresses and slippers matched them. The train-bearers were Ione Walker, niece of the bridegroom, and Peregrine Bertie, his nephew. The best man was Lord David Crichton-Stuart, the bridegroom's elder brother

Summons to Court.

ARL'S COURT is the place I mean, and the summons was obeyed by the toiling masses with enthusiasm. Never have

with enthusiasm. Never have
I seen such motor-fever. People
"chatted" (remember, please, that
one never "talks" about motorcars; one "chats" about them or one "has a chat") and wandered about and visited the bar, and got into cars and got out of them again, and opened the doors and shut the doors, and said to one another, rather gravely and seriously, with a slight nodding of the head and pursing of the lips: "Yes, she's a fine job, a very fine job." Only the statistical department of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders could cope with the figures. There were acres of stands, miles of avenues, metres of escalators, oceans of restaurants and bars, bars, bars. Wimbledon elbow, Brooklands knee (for which I owe Mr. R. A. W. Bicknell a copyright fee, by the way) and aerodrome neck are nothing, if I may say so, to Earl's Court elbow.

And then, of course, there was that Ladies' Day. What a brilliant idea! Boy friends could introduce their girl friends without payment. And they came in quantity, and it seemed to me—or was it just the jaundiced outlook of the middleaged?—that the volume of furs and lipstick went up as the luncheon

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER



Truman Howell

JOINT M.F.H.'S: MR. RHYS LLEWELLYN
AND MISS BETTY LLEWELLYN

Miss Betty Llewellyn has increased the number of lady Masters by joining her brother in the Talybont command. The Masters are the son and a daughter of Sir David and Lady Llewellyn, and the picture was taken at Buckland, Sir David Llewellyn's Breconshire seat. Miss Betty Llewellyn owns several jumpers, amongst them that good horse Grecian Gift

and the dinner hours approached. Anyhow, they responded nobly to the invitation, and did their bit of getting into and out of cars—especially the type whose entrance requires a good

deal of knee action—so that they more than repaid in emotion the absence of entrance-fee. This was a brain-wave, and the S.M.M.T. may congratulate its corporate body from top-hat to elastic-sided boots.

Display.

One must not forget, however, that at the Earl's Court Exhibition there were some motorcars, and that they also had much of interest to display. One could see them better than one used to be able to do at Olympia, and they consequently appeared more attention-compelling. This year's show was a tonic for tired traders. Independent front wheel mounting has gone ahead among British manufacturers, and now many of them have successful examples. Then there is a spirit of rationalism abroad. Look at the Armstrong-Siddeley, which has at last discovered how to get rid of that incubus, the flywheel, without spoiling the smoothness of the engine. At the Armstrong-Siddeley luncheon, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith made one of his convincing speeches, and succeeded in impressing upon those who heard him how strongly the company is striving to enhance

he hits it
good and hard,
and
you momentarily
lie wondering
if it's a pelvis
or a broken spine...



don't you know
the feeling
of relief
when you get up
quite sound
and
some extraordinarily
understanding
fellow...



gives you
what
seems to be
yet another
gift from the gods
—a cigarette?

Air Eddies-continued from p. 180

but they take at best some run in still air for landing and a considerable run in still air when taking off. So when once the pilot is up he cannot come down unless he can achieve the difficult feat of spotting a piece of nearly flat, good-surfaced ground, free from peripheral obstructions below him. Such pieces of ground near towns and cities, where they are most urgently wanted, are rare, and getting rarer. So we conclude that before the ordinary man and woman will take to the air and use the air as a normal means of getting about, we must have a machine capable of rising vertically and of descending nearly vertically and of taking off and landing without any run whatsoever. In the new jumping autogiro and the Hafner gyroplane we have that machine. All honour to those who have stuck to the type and developed it, and especially all honour to those who have given financial support through the years of effort. I believe now that they are approaching the moment of full success.

Those Records.

I see it reported again that Great Britain is to make an attempt to take from Russia, the present holders, the world's distance record in a straight line. The Russian figure, now accepted by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, is 10,147 kilometres. Presumably, either the Wellesley or the Wellington will be used for the flight; but I have as yet no official confirmation from the Air Ministry that it is to be made so I will confine myself to repeating what I have been saying for months, that the attempt ought to be made,

and made at once. Moreover, I am going to repeat that an attempt on the landplane speed record ought also to be made, for we actually

possess the material which could obtain it for us. In my view, too—and this I have also advocated in The TATLER—we should start a research with the object of attacking the world's absolute air speed record now held by Italy.

These record attempts would do us an enormous amount of good and would provide a technical stimulus strong enough to maintain us in the position of pre-eminence which we now occupy. It was the Schneider Trophy series of races more than any other single thing that gave us that pre-eminence, and if we go for records we ought to be able to maintain the pressure.

Records are not such a practical stimulus as a good race, but they are the next best thing. And, apart from the Coupe Deutsch, there is no international race of much consequence left. So records it must be, and the sooner we decide to tackle them the better.

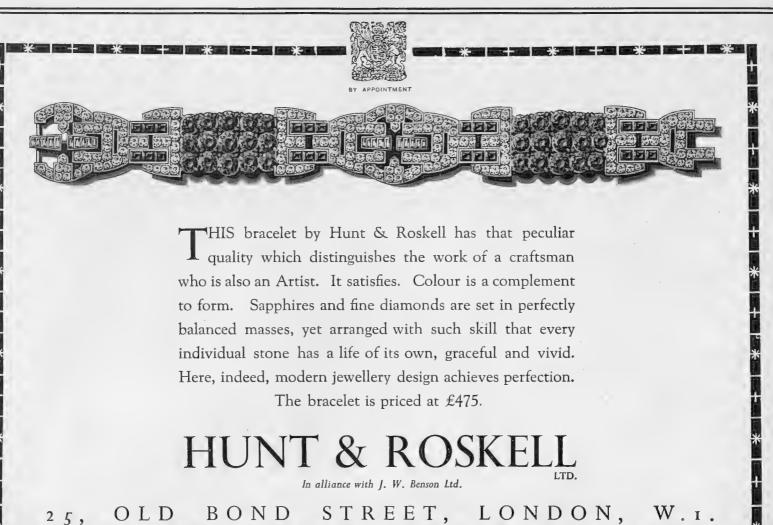
The Automobile Association issues its annual warning to motorists to beware of skidding on roads affected by rainsodden leaves and emphasises the necessity for care, particularly after dark, in wooded areas.

As a precaution the A.A. recommends the maintenance of uniform tyre pressures, whilst correct brake adjustment is also a valuable safeguard. The Association also emphasises the danger frequently caused to motorists by the smoke from bonfires near main roads, which are now being resorted to by gardening enthusiasts to dispose of the season's rubbish, fallen leaves, etc.



VICTOR McLAGLEN AT MANSFIELD

The "and friends" in this interesting snapshot are Mrs. Tweedie, Victor McLaglen's only sister, wife of Dr. Tweedie, Miss Tweedie and Mrs. Casey. He was visiting his niece at Harrogate College when the picture was taken. The famous actor's "next" will be a film with Gracie Fields. At the moment all London is seeing him in Wee Willie Winkie



This England...



Ennerdale, High Crag, and Buttermere-from Great Gable.



THE common life of England has many comforts. Why then do men climb impossible heights in unsavoury weather, to sit in a mist and meditate upon the dangers of their return? Men climb because they must. Whether they scale the heights of a fell or a Fellowship, they are driven by a physical or a mental virility to do the difficult thing—and do it well. Uncomfortable . . . and very English. And so it follows that among the things they do well are their very comforts. To brew an ale as good as Worthington is most difficult, yet this great beer did "scale the heights" of public favour these many years gone, because it was English . . . and well done.

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 186)

its already fine reputation in motor car work. Mr. Henry described the individual models.

Then look at the 10 h.p. Vauxhall. On the first day of the Show, directly I entered at Warwick Road—having spent half an hour parking my car-I noticed a particularly dense section of crowd. I made for it and found the new Ten in its centre. Again, in this car there is evidence of rationalisation. The body in particular is a fine piece of work. You have heard already about the independent front-wheel mounting and about the low petrol consumption.

Lagonda.

And note, too, the twelve-cylinder Lagonda. A Last year, when I first had before me the full specification of this car, I was betrayed, against all the principles of journalism, into ardent enthusiasm. I doubt if I have ever praised a specification as highly. You may say it is unwise to go off the deep end about any new car, however good it seems. Yet I am not sorry. For there is the twelve-cylinder Lagonda this year, fully developed and ready for you and me to try and, if we can reach the figure, to buy. I have not yet driven the car, but I hope soon to do so and I will then report to you in detail.

Meanwhile, at a luncheon given by the
Lagonda people, Mr. Alan Good, the chairman, told the story of how the car had come into existence. It is a good story and it was well told. I sat enthralled as I listened, for I could see behind those 2½ years' work to put a superlative car on the market the intense struggle which must have been necessary, the loyalty to a purpose, the determination to



THE REAL HELPMEET!: MRS. WALTER ACTS AS LOADER FOR HER HUSBAND

A snapshot at the Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks it sounds like a new sort of pack of cards!-Retriever Trials at Penn, Bucks. Mr. Reginald Walter was one of the guns, and his wife acted as a very efficient loader for him. O si sic omnes!

hold on and hold on until at last the new machine is right, and can be produced and offered to the public. That trio, Good, Watney and W. O. Bentley, have done what English craftsmen have been doing since the beginning of our history: they have achieved a purpose having its own direct object in the production of a fine article.

I do not pretend to say that the car is above criticism, but I do say that it deserves the attention and the unbiased judgment of everyone. It is a car in the true English tradition and I am, I honestly believe, as anxious to see it succeed as Mr. Good or any other member of the company.

The price is high, but there is still room for a high-priced car provided it possesses the

necessary quality.

Accessories.

I must add a few words about the accessories They were better displayed on the first floor at Earls Court than they were at Olympia, because of the extra room; but in some parts the lighting-on the first day at any rate-seemed insufficiently powerful. But the stands themselves were good, the in-dividual exhibitors being allowed to adopt individual methods of decoration, unlike the exhibitors on the ground floor, who this year had to conform to a standard, and who gained a great deal by doing so.

The ground floor must be considered as a

single décor, the first floor can be treated as a

collection of separate stands.

Among the accessories many fuel and oil companies had done well in their arrangements. The Wakefield Company, in particular, which always manages to put up a good show, had excelled itself with its "Film Bar."



A small extra cost but perfection to the last

10 for 8d 20 for 1'4 25 for 1'8

A new leather slipover in soft Persian Lamb, with zip fastener cleverly fixed on the side to improve fitting and appearance without interfering with comfort. In Yellow, Green, Tan or Blue.

Sizes 36-42 - - 37/6



lillywhites PICCADILLY CIRCUS

90-94, BROMPTON ROAD, KNIGHTSBRIDGE



The 25 h.p. Town and Country Saloon £595 (ex Works)

You should try the new Armstrong Siddeley Balanced Drive



You would never believe driving could be so effortless until you take the wheel of one of the new Armstrong Siddeley cars. The word "Driving" must give place to a more fitting description, for the car glides into motion with an absence of noise or tremor. At highest speed or in traffic it is just the same; you are unconscious of any mechanical effort. It is a really new experience — one which you ought to try.



You **are in**vited to write for a free copy of this interesting booklet explaining the new Balanced Drive. Please mention "The Tatler."

BALANCED DRIVE

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN MODERN TRAVEL

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY . Agents in all centres . LONDON: 10 OLD BOND ST., W.1

Picture by Blake



natural Canadian mink cape, with graceful lines rippling from the well-moulded square shoulders

No. 1896, October 27, 1937] THE TATLER

"Can you make a shiny skin



"This greasy skin of mine is giving me an inferiority complex," said a girl who came to my Salon. "I plaster on powder an inch thick, but the shine always 'comes through'."

"My dear girl," I said, "it's useless trying to cover up grease. What you've got to do is to face the fact that your skin is in bad condition-and get it right."

"Yes," she said, "but how?"

"First-shun all greasy creams. Always use my Cleansing Milk for cleaning off make-up. It tones and bleaches as well as cleanses. Then you need Pore Cream to fine down those pores, and afterwards a course of Greaskin Cream to feed the tissues and get them healthier. It's a wonderful cream, thatnot greasy, yet full of nourishing properties. Wash in the mornings with tepid water and pat in Astringent Lotion, to close those pores. For your foundation, use Petal Lotion, with Greaskin Powder. You'll find the two together keep you matt all day."

This morning I have a most grateful letter from her in my postbag, saying: "I can't thank you enough. That treatment has made my shiny skin so matt!"

You can get my preparations from any good shop, and do ask for my book "Speaking Frankly "-or write to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd. 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.



Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



ACCESSORIES must match, say Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly; therefore they are showing shoes, bags, gloves and belts in all the new shades for the coming season. They are destined to strike a harmonious contrast to the dress or coat. It is impossible to realise the wondrous effect of this from a description; it must be seen to be appreciated. Portrayed above is a Bombay lamb coat enriched with dyed black and white calf. It represents the acme of smartness and so does the high hat

luxurious necessities; nevertheless they are charmingly simple. Into this category walk Fortnum and Mason's "little frocks," one of which finds pictorial expression on this page. It is of new wool fabric with a cloth finish. The cord at the waist is a pleasant variation on the accepted belt, the same idea being repeated at the base of the yoke. Now the colour—it is not quite vin rosée, neither is it crushed cranberry. These frocks are as appropriate for house-wear as for lunch, worn with a fur coat



Fashion forecasts for Autumn stress rich fabrics and the draped line. How perfectly these two points are expressed in an Afternoon Frock of 'Celanese' Velvet.

The lure of Lingeric

DIFFERENT



HERE are a nightdress and coatee that come from Walpoles, of New Bond Street. They are carried out in azalea pink chiffon enriched with jade blue satin. The puff sleeves of the coatee are massed with frills, which are likewise introduced at the hems. It is thirty-five shillings, while the nightdress, trimmed in a similar manner, is fifty-nine shillings and sixpence. There are also pure silk crêpe de Chine and satin nightdresses for a guinea, and a variety of breakfast jackets for half this sum

ADMIRABLY tailored and extremely flattering are the pyjamas from Walpoles on the left. They are of pure silk white crêpe de Chine, embroidered with mist blue lovers' knots, and are four guineas. They can be made to order in other colours. The trousers are cut on simple lines, while the jumper top is finished with a Peter Pan collar and puff sleeves. There are other pyjama suits of crêpe de Chine trimmed with lace for forty-five shillings, All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated catalogue, which also contains numerous suggestions for Christmas gifts



Where Fashion decrees..YARDLEY LAVENDER



Lavender in Sprinkler Bottles, Stoppered Bottles and Decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas; Lavender Soap—2/6 box of 3 tablets; Lavender Face Powder 1/9; Bath Dusting Powder 3/6; Lavendomeal—the new bath luxury—3/- and 9/6, etc.

[Prices do not apply in I.F.S.]

which adds so much to the enjoyment of every occasion.

Perfumed with the same refreshing fragrance, the Yardley Lavender Soap, with its soft mellow lather, has refined and beautified her complexion. It is a beauty treatment in itself.

beauty of this lovable fragrance gives that air of refinement and charm

Yardley

3 O L D

T R E E T

ONDON

Ella Filton

FASHION'S YOUNG IDEAS

Graceful evening frocks and gay "little" suits for social successes

DAYTIME dresses are straight and simple in effect, nevertheless detail and line are carefully studied. Collars are small, shoulders broad. Hats are high, but later they may descend. Little attention is drawn to the waistline, but it is never emphasised there are belts, sashes and motifs



MARGARET BARRY (64, New Bond Street) is ever making "discoveries" in the realm of materials which she uses for her "little" suits, coats and evening frocks; there is something different about them. In the centre of the page is a suit made of one of these "discoveries." The nutria coat suggests the wrap of the Esquimaux, but the pencil silhouette is maintained. On the right is a checked suit of a fabric which belongs to the tweed family. The loose tweed coat may be wrapped round the figure, and will undoubtedly be seen at the races. At the top of the page is a dinner suit carried out in a rich lamé, which can be worn both with and without the coatee. "Throughout the day" or from nine to six, dresses are seen in many guises. They are simple, nevertheless different. The waisted effect appears in many of them, and there is a neckline that is unusual. Furthermore, it is also in hats that Margaret Barry has achieved a success, her interpretations of the autumn

lashions being altogether charming



LATERS SHERRIES

OCCASIONS FOR ALL

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 173

the Bicester are very lucky to get Giles back, and as I hear Mr. Field Marsham is as keen on his hounds in kennel as he is in the field, and as in Clarence Johnson they have a right good man in kennel and out of it, and plenty of foxes, it is odds on a real good season. Good luck to all hands and I'll be seeing you again quite soon!

There is one thing about this fox-hunting escapade of which we seem to be talking that I am certain the "hunts man," whether veteran or neophyte, is bound to notice this season, and that is that when he goes to visit the Nevergoshire hounds he will find that he has arrived on the one day when they have not had a blazing hunt. He will be told that he ought to have been out "last Friday," or "last Monday," when they had an eight-mile point, twelve as hounds ran, and "even that mutt (the huntsman, amateur or professional, it makes no matter) could not get their heads up." I hope that all this is not a bit too technical, but it is written, naturally, for those who would like to be thought 'quite good at hunting." The huntsman—that is to say, the man who is in charge of the dogs and is entitled to make hunting noises and blow a trumpet, sometimes called a horn-rarely gets any credit when a real good thing happens, but gets a present of a brick house (one brick at a time) when there isn't a hunt and the scenting conditions spoken of by the Prince of Denmark are completely absent. Hamlet, of course, knew nothing about scent, but his Boswell, W. Shakespeare, who lived in the Warwickshire country, invented rather a neat phrase. Anyway, it's all jolly fun whether you get a gallop or you don't, and here's hoping!

MISS DAWN DODD WITH JERRY AND DICKON

The two units of the lady's stud are not as old as she is, because she is 12, but already an authoress, as her first book, Your First Pony, was published by George Routledge and Sons just recently. The authoress goes out hunting with the Garth and has "done" her own ponies ever since she was seven

Major Herbert Noyes has kindly sent me a copy of his very extraordinary book, Man and the Termite (Peter Davies). The author, who comes of an old family seated at Pax Hill, Sussex, for centuries, has travelled the world more than most people and has made the insect, which the less-instructed call the white ant, his particular study, and this book is the result of what he has found out. He places the Termite, an insect blind and also, supposedly, deaf, far ahead of Man in

antiquity and intelligence, and in this book he shows how the most advanced type of this insect accomplishes feats of chemistry, agriculture, sanitation, central heating, moisture conservation and ventilation far beyond the powers of mere Man who, so I gather, Major Noyes considers a rather inferior person by comparison. Major Noyes seems to suggest that the Termite will soon own and destroy the world. The Termite, so I gather from the author, is many thousands of millions of years older than Man, and, he says, is a much better and less selfish thing than Man, a better workman with a better brain. So far so good. I wonder what the hierarchy is going to say when it reads these two passages:-

'Man has many gods and more prophets, and if his clamant insistence upon the soundness of his various beliefs postulates more than a suspicion of lurking doubt of their efficacy, who shall blame him? But, whilst envying, profoundly, the convictions of those who profess adherence to a faith which assumes that a Special Providence watches over their brief and ordinarily futile existences, disregarding as inconclusive the claims of the innumerable warring sects and, lacking, it may be, the faith which may move mountainsand does not-I find it beyond the bounds of reason to deny the obvious actuality of the Termites' God.'



Wolseley produce a remarkable new 12'

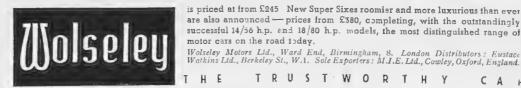


the new

NEVER before in a car of this rating have 5 people been afforded so generous an amount of space. A newly designed frame gives a rear track of no less than 4 ft. 8 ins. affording each back-seat passenger 20 ins. of elbow room! Head room and leg stretch are equally generous yet this spaciousness is cleverly disguised in graceful body lines.

A new system of springing—"Phased Suspension"—setting new levels of road travel in comfort, and every feature that can contribute to greater comfort, absence of fatigue, and safe driving has been incorporated. This remarkable car widens the scope of 12 h.p. ownership out of all recognition.

WOLSELEY 5 seater 12'48 hp SALOON



is priced at from £245 New Super Sixes roomier and more luxurious than ever are also announced—prices from £380, completing, with the outstandingly successful 14/56 h.p. and 18/80 h.p. models, the most distinguished range of

TRUSTWORTHY CAR

A BRITISH CAR BETTER BUILT.



MISS ELIZABETH UPCOTT

The youngest daughter of Sir Gilbert Upcott, K.C.B., of Bishopswood Road, Highgate, who is engaged to Mr. A. G. H. Clay, younger son of Sir Felix Clay, Bt., and Lady Clay, of Kensington Park Gardens, W.II.

Mr. ton Angier and Mrs. K. Gorton Angier, of Kambara, Surbiton, Surrey, and Marion Kate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Warren, of Hayes Gate House, Hayes, Middlesex.

Recently Engaged.

The Hon. Peter Lyon-Dalberg-Acton, younger son of the late Lord and Lady Acton, of Aldenham Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Jill, only daughter of the late Hugo C Ehlert and of Mrs. Ehlert, of Buenos Aires, Argentina; Mr. E. W. M. Beddoes, of Minton House, Church Stretton, Shropshire, elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. R. Beddoes, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Beddoes, and Jean, second daughter of Colonel R. S. Murray-White, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Murray-White, of St. Mary Abbot's Court, and Shotley Lodge, Johannes-

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying To-day.

The marriage between Major
J. G. Struthers, D.S.C., and
Miss Enid Huntington will take
place to-day at the Parish Church,
Redmarley, Gloucestershire; and
also to-day is the wedding of Mr.
Deurley, Biley Smith, and Miss Douglas Riley-Smith and Miss Elspeth Craik-Henderson. This will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, at 2.30 p.m.

Marrying Capetown. The marriage will take place at a p etown be-tween Mr. g i e r, voungest son of the late

MISS PHYLLIS ANN WOOD

Whose engagement is announced to Avvocato Commendatore Roberto Partini, fourth son of Grande Ufficiale Ruggero Partini and La Signora Pierina Partini, of Via Paisiello 26, Rome. Miss Wood is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. L. Wood, of Herbert Crescent, London

burg; Mr. P. F. du Sautoy, elder burg; Mr. P. F. du Sautoy, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel (Brevet-Colonel) E. F. Du Sautoy, T.D., and Mrs. Du Sautoy, of Warren Hill, Barnt Green, Worcestershire, and Phyllis Mary Floud, of 4, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea, daughter of Sir Francis Floud, K.C.B., High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom, and Lady High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom, and Lady Floud, of Earnscliffe, Ottawa;

Major
Charles

Morris Threl-fall, late 8th K.R.I. Hussars, of Ruyton Manor, Salop, and Joan Gor-don, only daughter of Brig.-G eneral



MISS PAMELA PHILLIMORE

Who is to marry Mr. Michael Clifton, younger son of the late J. T. Clifton, of Lytham Hall, Lytham, and Kildalton Castle, Isle of Islay. Miss Phillimore is the only daughter of the late Captain P. Phillimore, 17th Lancers, and Mrs. Cunningham, of Guildford

General
A. J. G.
Moir, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., of Touchwood, Haslemere, Surrey; Mr. David Gordon, eldest son of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, of Wilmington Hall, Dartford, Kent, and June, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Boissier, of Moretons, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex; Lieut. E. G. D. Finch-Noyes, R.N., son of Colonel C. R. Finch-Noyes, D.S.O., of Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex, and the late the Hon. Mrs. Rodney, and Catherine Honor, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankine, of Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh. Captain C. G. Phipps, R.E., son of Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Phipps, C.B. (late R.A.), and Mrs. Phipps, of Hervey Road, Blackheath, Kent, and Avice, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, of Studmore, Ringwood, Hants. wood, Hants.

IMPORTANT! Innoxa VITORMONE CREAM

TO EVERY WOMAN OVER THIRTY

How wonderful to look each day into your mirror and see the years dropping away from your face-to watch the wrinkles vanish, the flabby muscles become firm, the crepy skin grown smooth! Innoxa have made this possible, for Dr. Debat, the world-famous skin specialist, has prepared a cream that attacks the actual cause of ageing skin, the slowing-up of glandular processes due to advancing age, excessive fatigue and worry, or ill-health.

VITORMONE CREAM is something entirely new—a genuine rejuvenator. Rich in the hormones necessary for the preservation of a

youthful complexion, it does not merely doctor the surface of the skin, but is absorbed by the skin into the underlying muscles and tissues, stimulating the cells to continue their normal activity, by which they are continually renewed. This activity ensures youth. VITORMONE CREAM keeps age at bay. PRICE 15/- OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS ESTABLISHMENTS OR DIRECT FROM

38, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Carriage paid United Kingdomonly on receipt of remittance, Innoxa Beauty Guide No. 23 post free on request. Facial treatments daily from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Complimentary consultations. Phone Regent 3306

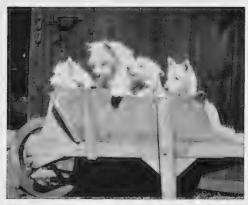
THE TATLER No. 1896, October 27, 1937



dress from our ladies' tailoring department can be copied for 162 gns

Fortnum and mason

PICCADILLY LONDON REGENT 8040



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS

The property of Miss Barker

obliged to lead sedentary lives, a dog has mostly to be a companion, and obliged to lead sedentary lives, a dog has mostly to be a companion, and well he does his job. Another irritating habit is to sneer at Toys as only fit to "be companions to old ladies." After all, hide it as we may, those of us who are women will, unless we die first, become "old ladies" whether we like it or not, and I think it is a consoling thought that we shall find dogs willing to be our companions even then. Incidentally, there are no breeds more intelligent than the despised Toy, which, from constantly associating with people, is almost uncannily clever. uncannily clever.

The White West Highland Terrier is a most attractive dog. He is descended from the original old Highland Terrier, from which sprang Cairns, Skyes and Scotties, all of which have developed on different lines. From time to time white puppies appeared among the brindles and greys: these were cherished and set aside, and in due time white became the predominant colour in some strains. It is only in the last thirty years that Cairns and White West High-landers have been separated; they are now quite distinct in shape as well as colour.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

am occasionally annoyed by the arrogant way sporting people talk of dogs which are not sporting. One often hears them say, "What use is ——?"—a Toy or a non-sporting dog, for instance. A silly remark. The use of a dog from the earliest days was as companion and help to mankind. In former days a dog had to be a hunter, or a guard, or a herd dog, as those were the occupations of men. these tamer days, when

WHITE PEKINESE The property of Mrs. Adams

Miss Barker owns a kennel of West High-landers and Deerhounds, which go well together. Her dogs are kept under Her dogs are kept under ideal circumstances in the New Forest. The picture is of some young ones for sale; there are occasionally Deerhounds, too. The Deerhound makes a beautiful and delightful companion.

One of the many attractions of the Pekinese

is their range of colours.

Pekinese can be any colour. Mrs. Adams specialises in white Pekinese; her dogs are all snow-white, with black noses and eyes. The photograph shows how pretty they are. She has done very well at shows with them, and was first in the White Class at our L.K.A. Show this year. She has lately moved to Ardingly, in Sussex, and has specially good accommodation for the dogs and plenty of room. At present there is a large selection of white puppies ready for new homes. Visitors are welcome.

"TAKA" AND "QUEENIE"

A mong many things that have come from Japan are its Spaniels. These are among the most attractive of the Toy breeds as they have special little ways all their own. Miss Gertrude Savile has been a devotee of the Jap for many good ones. She now years and has bred many good ones. sends a snap of some puppies she has for sale and says, "If I had more room I should have kept these two. I am so fond of them, they are such pets; I have them constantly with me." Miss Savile gives all her dogs individual attention. Her address is: The Meadows, Hampsthwaite pear Harrogate.

waite, near Harrogate.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnain, Southampton.



In various colours, from leading stores, 1/3 per box of six.



We of Truefitt & Hill's believe that to the woman who takes pride in her appearance, a permanent wave is more than just part of the routine of beauty. It is, rather, in the nature of a great occasion - an event which in its power to make or mar her appearance means even more than a new gown. In this belief, we treat permanent waving as a fine artfinding inspiration for your hair style in your own personality. If you would care for a consultation -without charge, of course-the number of our Appointments Bureau is REGent 2961.

TRUEFITT
and HILL Limited

23 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

Established 1819

"The Gods Take a Hand"-continued from p. 184

"Yes, he's gone," he said, with venom, in reply to Gert's bewildered eyebrows. "He went quick enough when he saw me waitin' for him! What d'you think you're playin' at, my girl?" he demanded, with delightful unreason. "Tryin' to make me jealous, or what? Because it'd take a bit more than a chap like him, let me tell you! I wonder you aren't ashamed to look me in the face, lettin' 'im make eyes at you the 'ole of the night. Eggin' 'im on

to walk 'ome with you, and 'im in that get-up! Proper figures o' fun you looked, the pair of you!"

"He never looked no figure of fun, Tom Baker! It takes other people to look like that in frocks as is too tight for them! He's a better-lookin chap than you, any day of the week! He knows 'is manners, too! Think I'm goin' to mope while you—.''

"Oh, shut up, Gert! That's all finished with, anyway! She don't mean nothin' to me and never did. Reckon she just got her claws in me, somehow. Why, when I saw you to-night in that green dress and everything, I felt—oh, I dunno 'ow I felt, and that's the Gawspel! Why, she isn't fit to walk on the same side of the street as you. Oh, do say something, Gert! You—you do like me a bit, still, don't you? I mean, that chap-

Gert gazed up into the anxious blue eyes of a young man whom even Pierrot could never make jealous! She smiled, slowly, and her quickly lowered eyes held a gleam of triumph.

"I was only 'avin' you on, Tom,''
e said calmly. "S'all right with she said calmly. me if vou-

Tom kissed her suddenly, fiercely, rendering further speech impossible



MR. AND MRS. CHERNIAVSKY AND THEIR FAMILY

The youngest son born to the famous 'cellist and his wife only arrived in August and answers to the names of Mark Fabian. The key to the picture, left to right, is Felix, Michael, Mrs. Cherniavsky, David, Mark, Mr. Cherniavsky and John. Cherniavsky returned from a South African tour a short time ago and in February leaves for an extended tour in South America. The above group was taken at his house, Glebes, in Suffolk

for the moment; then, glowering fiercely through the darkness into which his rival had vanished:

When I saw 'im kissing your 'and I could have done 'im a mischief! I could, proper! Them perfeshunals!—everyone knows what they are!

Gert laid her head on his broad chest and sighed. Say what you like, she was thinking, a trifle wistfully, but there's something about a perfeshunal! 'Course, you'd never dream of taking a pierrot seriously—here to-day and gone to-morrow, they are!—and it was

nice to feel Tom's strong arms about

her again.

"You've no call to worry about 'im, Tom. I don't suppose I shall ever see 'im again, anyway,' she observed with unconscious truth.

A silence fell upon the pair. Tom's lips again sought those of Gert, who

gave them willingly.

A moment later a rose fell from her heedless fingers and lay for a second forlorn. Then it was swiftly gathered up by unseen white fingers, which, for a moment, rested as lightly as a snowflake on the auburn, uncovered head of Gert and the strong arm of Tom.

Gert, stirring a little, smiled up at

her lover, happily.

A swift breeze swept over the garden of Marine View, and for a moment Pierrot listened intently. Somewhere, a long way away, a voice

was calling to him.
"S'a nightingale," said Gert softly.
Laughing silently, Pierrot sped on his way, twirling a rose between his

fingers.

For him, a voice called sweetly. For Tom and Gert, a nightingale

Pierrot's job was finished!

made a go of it, too! There's nothing like the professional

touch, after all!



STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

"Hawkins, do you - er noticeanything? On my pillow, I mean? Something queer.'

"I presume you refer, Sir, to the Lucky Alphonso. I understood you to say, Sir, that you'd shot it yourself in the foothills of Pimlico."

"So that's what it is? For the moment I felt quite uneasy. Such a shock is very bad for me this morning. Might easily be fatal. Worst hangover I've experienced since I reached the age of discretion."

"I gather, Sir, that gin and lime was not your staple beverage throughout the evening."

"What of it? No use holding post mortems at this time of the day."

" On the contrary, Sir, if I may say so, Rose's Lime Juice has a therapeutic action which renders hangovers null and void. It strangles them at birth, as you might say."

"Hawkins, is this true, or is it an old wives' tale?"

"It is vouched for, Sir, by the nobility and gentry. I myself, Sir, have found it efficacious on occasion."

"Then get some at once. Get it now. Go and get it."

" Very good, Sir. And the Lucky Alphonso?"

"Give it decent burial. Present it to the British Museum. Do what you like with it. But for goodness sake get that Rose's Lime Juice."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S.

Short drink-2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink-add soda.



CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CRUISE TO THE TROPICS

DEC. 18. To Lisbon, Sierra Leone, Takoradi, Dakar, Madeira, allowing 12 full days in the tropics.

24 Days from 40 Gns.

WINTER CRUISE (ROUND AFRICA) JAN. 22. From Southampton. 58 Days from 120 Gns.

Winter Sunshine Voyages to South America

Write for fully descriptive booklets

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

America House, Cockspur St., S.W.I (Whitehall 9646). Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522) or Local Agents.

British



Cars are

Better Built

-and last longer



THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE







first British Car of its type to offer you

THE THRILL OF

OVERDRIVE

Performance unequalled by any other car of similar rating ... and in addition the new thrill of Dual-Overdrive! Three lever positions—five forward speeds.

As an alternative at the same price: the Riley "9" Victor Saloon with Preselectagear Transmission. Ask for a demonstration. Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Glass.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY

1½ LITRES / 12 H.P. / £9 TAX / £299

A Rugby Letter-continued from p. 178

and we may safely trust the governors of Rugby to do the right thing. Not even a knighthood will tempt the stalwarts of the Rugby Union to abandon the principles which are the very life-blood of the game.

abandon the principles which are the very life-blood of the game.

These principles are not, perhaps, entirely understood by those who regard Rugby merely as a pastime. The Yellow Press can maunder as it likes about international matches and the mythical good feeling said to arise from them, but Rugby men are concerned with the game itself. Some people appear to assume that international football is the Alpha and Omega of the game, and that nothing else matters. They do not understand, and they never will understand, that the most important personage in Rugby is the Saturday afternoon player in all his thousands, and the object of the legislators of the game is to keep it clean for him.

There was a try the other day in the Rosslyn Park and Richmond game which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. In the second half, when Richmond were pressing, somebody kicked rather too hard, and P. F. Cooper, the Park full-back, collected the ball on his own goalline. He was awkwardly placed for kicking, and, suddenly spying an opening, he dashed through the ranks of his opponents. He met with little resistance from the Richmond three-quarters, and found himself eventually faced by F. Mennim about the half-way line. He passed to

D. E. Martin, a back-row forward doing his job, who made a few yards and when threatened cross-kicked, and there was D. K. Huxley, another forward, able to gather the ball and run a considerable distance to score in the lefthand corner. One does not often see an end-to-end try like this nowadays, and all three players concerned deserve praise. Further, one cannot help thinking that full-backs could do much more to open up the game if they were more alive to opportunities.

News of the death of Mr. A. F. Podmore, known to the entire Rugby world as "Poddy," has been received with the deepest regret. There have been



NOEL COWARD WITH LADY CASTLEROSSE ON THE NORMANDIE

Noel Coward, most versatile of theatrical prodigies, returned recently from America on the *Normandie*. He is seen with the wife of one of Fleet Street's most massive figures on arrival at Southampton

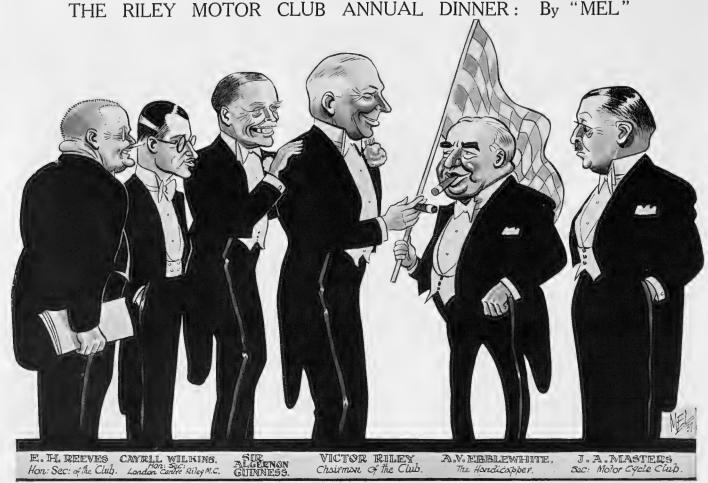
few greater enthusiasts for both Cricket and Rugby, and in connection with both games he has done an immense amount of work. He will long be remembered for his services to school Rugby. He was a delightful personality and a warm-hearted friend.

Entertainments a la Carte—continued from p. 163 because the part contains so much of homily. Mr. Frederick Lloyd's Northumberland is the "haught, insulting man" to the life. Mr. George Devine, as the gardener, carves yet another of his first-class character-pieces out of Shakespeare, although they make him plant his "bank of rue" absurdly at the bottom of a flight of steps, where future Lancastrians are bound to trip over it. One only of the minor characters lacks a sure sense of blank-verse rhythm.

Among all Shakespeare plays, this is the one in which women have least influence; and the feminine disproportion is increased by producer's cuts from the Duchess of Gloucester. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, however, makes the small Queen fragrant and poignant, so far as the part permits. But she, and her ladies, are not well served by the dead white make-up on bared foreheads, which gives them a Chinese appearance. This is particularly evident in the garden scene, where the vastly ornate décor has the effect of chinoiserie. Otherwise, and against various other opinions, I am all for the bright, not to say, gorgeous designs which the Motleys have provided. Richard's was a spendthrift reign; and in any case, if you play Shakespeare in Shaftesbury Avenue the public like and require bedazzlement.



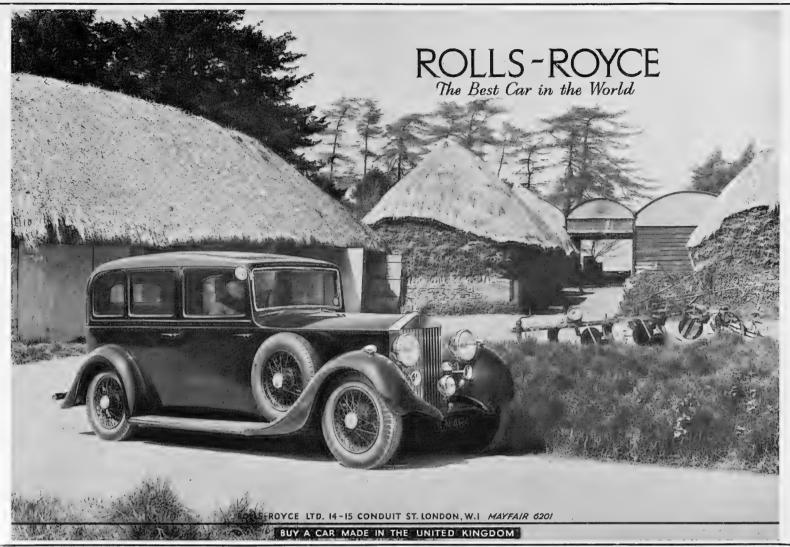
LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1



This cheery dinner was recently held at Grosvenor House and, as ever, was a great success, all the 250 members and their guests enjoying themselves immensely. The Grosvenor House Cabaret performed during the evening, which ended up with dancing









Motor Body Builders



to His Majesty The KING

By Appointment

Craftsmanship

Every Motor Car with Hooper Coachwork embodies more than a century of practical experience in Craftsmanship and design, and incorporates special new features, and every endeavour is made to interpret the client's particular requirements and Ideas. Hooper & Co. welcome intending purchasers to inspect the latest examples of dignity and comfort in motor carriages at their showrooms in 54, St.James's Street, and at their new modern factory at Park Royal.

Honoured by Royal Patronage for over 100 years.



HOOPER & CO

(COACHBUILDERS) LTD 54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.I





BETHEL

WITH MRS. HARRY BEASLEY

SOLOMONS

LEOPARDSTOWN **RACES** AT



MISS M. NOBLETT, MISS MURIEL HILL-DILLON, MISS JOY O'RORKE, AND MISS AUDREY ODLUM



MR. AND MRS. "BILL" BRACKEN WITH MR. HARLEY BACON (CENTRE)

Some of the onlookers recently at Leopardstown, one of Ireland's most popular courses. Dr. Bethel Solomons is a famous Irish doctor and a very keen follower of the racing game. Mrs. Harry Beasley's husband is one of the three prominent jockey brothers. Miss Hill-Dillon's father is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and a well-known owner. Miss O'Rorke is one of the best anglers in the country; she is a daughter of Major "Johnny" O'Rorke. Mr. Claude Odlum, whose daughter is also in the picture, is one of the Triumvirate in command of the Kildare Hounds. Mr. Bracken is world famous as a ski-runner; he was British champion for five seasons and is now Instructor at Klosters. His recent bride is a daughter of Mrs. Gaussen, of Dublin. Mr. Harley Bacon is the skilful and well-liked handicapper who is shortly retiring, to the great regret of everyone concerned



There is an air of quiet dignity... an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor Rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery.

At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort. and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

Other Motoli xe Productions:

Write for latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to:

EVERY GENUINE Agents Everywhere

LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON, N. W. 1



EYE-BEAUTY Unretouched photographs before and after the Hystogen Treatment.

Whether or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering beauty, is firstly determined by the condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill-health and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly, and permanently corrected by the one sure method known to science, the Hystogen Method, invented and practised by the leading European specialist who has already treated 10,000 cases.

HYSTOGEN, 40, Baker Street, W.1.
Welbeck 5846

CUSENIER's

LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

FREEZOMINT

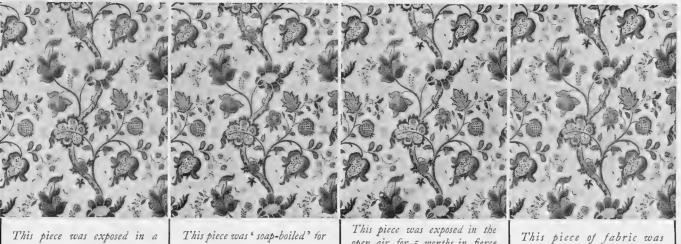
The leading brand of

CRÈME de MENTHE

APRICOT BRANDY **CREMEde CACAO**



BERCE SUN · LASHING RAIN · BITTER COLD



south window for 5 months.

3 hours.

open air for 5 months in fierce sun, lashing rain and bitter cold.

retained for comparison later.

Here is photographic evidence * of a severe and unique test of Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics. A stock length of Sanderson Fabric was cut into four pieces; one piece was retained for comparison later, the others were tested under extreme conditions of washing and exposure to all kinds of weather, as described above. They came through with flying colours, and showed by actual proof that Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics are sunresisting and washproof. If Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics can stand treatment such as this, think how long your curtains and covers would last!

* The actual fabrics used in this test may be seen at our Showrooms in Berners Street.

FABRICS SANDERS SUNRESISTING AND WASHPROOF

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WALLPAPERS AND SOLD BY ALL LEADING FURNISHERS AND STORES Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd. Showrooms: 56, Berners St., London, W.1. Works · Uxbridge, Middlesex $\mathcal{C}\mathcal{D}$

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.I, ask for £8 to help a very sad case. Miss S., who has worked for twenty-five years as a branch manageress, but was thrown out of her job a year ago through trade amalgamation. She is now searching desperately for a post, but at the age of 57 it is not easy to find a job, and her small savings are rapidly dwindling. Miss S. is not an easy person to help, for she is very sensitive and independent and, in fact, the poor soul was on the verge of starvation when a friend wrote on her behalf. Friends of the Poor want to give her some freedom from financial worry so that she can have the self-confidence necessary to finding work. Please send at least £8 to relieve her most pressing necessities.

The London Chinese Women's Relief Fund, which is organised by Madame Quo Tai Chi and other Chinese ladies in London for the benefit of the unfortunate victims in the war zone in China—country-folk, who through no fault of their own have lost everything they possess in this world, is holding a bazaar in aid of this fund on October 27 and 28 at 9, Chesterfield Gardens, W.I. The distress is great, and the need for relief is urgent, for as winter approaches the existing misery will be greatly intensified. In China money carefully spent goes a long way. Under ordinary conditions the country-folk in China are very hard workers, but remain happy and contented with very little. Such facts can only be really appreciated by the Britishers and other European peoples who have lived in close touch with the Chinese country-folk, and they will, from the humanitarian aspect, undoubtedly sympathise with the country-folk in the pitiable condition in which they now find themselves. Life cannot be rented. There are many kind English people offering help and have enquired what they can do. Madame Quo Tai Chi will very greatly

appreciate donations or gifts of woollens and warm clothing; such gifts would be most acceptable. Madame Quo Tai Chi appeals to the noble-hearted people of this country who never fail in such circumstances to help their fellow beings, and in doing so she is encouraged all the more by the fact that she has received many anonymous donations of pennies, shillings and pounds from sympathisers who wish to show their utter disgust for the methods employed by China's aggressors in the present conflict. His Excellency the Chinese Ambassador and Madame Quo Tai Chi are deeply touched by these expressions of sympathy.

At the Richmond Theatre on Monday, November 1, Vicki Lister, the new Hungarian star, Jack Melford, Eliot Makeham, Emma Trechman and Winifred Davis will appear in a new farcical comedy entitled Bedtime Story, written by Walter Ellis, the author of so many amusing comedies. After a week at Richmond this play will go straight into West End production. Bedtime Story was originally produced in 1936 for a short run.

Most of us find the choosing of something really novel in Christmas cards an annual problem. A Coronation Card, therefore, provides a welcome and most appropriate solution this year. This is an outstanding design in the wide range of Sharpe's "Classic" Personal Christmas Cards. Beautifully illustrated by the famous artist, Fortunino Matania, R.I., and perfectly produced, it makes a most gracious ambassador. Obtainable only from stationers on asking to see the "Classic" Album, which contains a wide variety of distinctive designs suitable for printing with your own name and address.

The Players Theatre, of which Dame Sybil Thorndike is the President and amongst whose many distinguished patrons are Dame Marie Tempest, announces its next programme at the well-appointed little theatre in King Street, Covent Gar-

theatre in King Street, Covent Garden, for Wednesday, October 27, continuing till Sunday, November 7, with a play, God's Jailer, by Geoffrey Thorne, To-morrow At Midnight, by Martin Wilder, and a Variety bill in which appear many distinguished names headed by that of Ernest Milton. There is dancing after the shows and they have a supper licence till 12.30 a.m. The Players Theatre is really a club whose object is to make a home for all the good things that need a stage and an auditorium, and in just under seven months they have done 25 shows by prominent authors as well as their own revues



FINEST

Rodex Coats of Camelhair or Cashmere and Gorslan Scotch Tweed

Camelhair and Cashmere lend themselves to the making of so many beautiful materials that they are necessarily extensively used by Rodex. For the Autumn there are several new weaves and unobtrusively effective designs introduced. The full-length model shown on the left, ideal for travel at home or abroad and admirably suited to more formal occasions, is obtainable in either of these luxurious fabrics. The very effective belted coat on the right is made of one of the attractive Gorslan Scotch Tweeds—a range exclusive to Rodex and notable for superb colour harmonies. Look for the Rodex label at the leading fashion shops and storesa guarantee of quality and workmanship conforming to the best English traditions.

Made by W. O. PEAKE LTD., 21 Hanover Street, W.1. Wholesale and Export. Also at Paris, Montreal, Amsterdam, Brussels, Melbourne and New York, 9-11 East 37th Street.





A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: SIR ARCHIBALD HOPE AND MISS RUTH DAVIS

Sir Archibald Hope's engagement to Miss Ruth Davis was announced in July. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex. Sir Archibald Hope is the 17th baronet, and succeeded to the title in 1924. His mother, the Hon. Lady Hope, is a sister of Lord Balfour of Burleigh

MUSIC



IN MODEBN TEMPO

As pure in its aesthetic workmanship as in its incomparable tone—the modern Steinway Piano. Preserving the ageless perfection beloved of the maestro, embodying all that is new in mechanical production, in size and appearance to accord with the ultra-modern small flat, or with the lofty elegance of the mansion salon. Prices are equally modern—commencing with an upright Model at as little as £95.

STEINWAY

"The Piano of International Fame"

£157.10s. The new Steinway "S" Baby Grand—see, hear and play this beautiful instrument at Steinway Hall, or at accredited agents throughout Gt. Britain. If desired you may extend payment over a convenient period with a first outlay of only

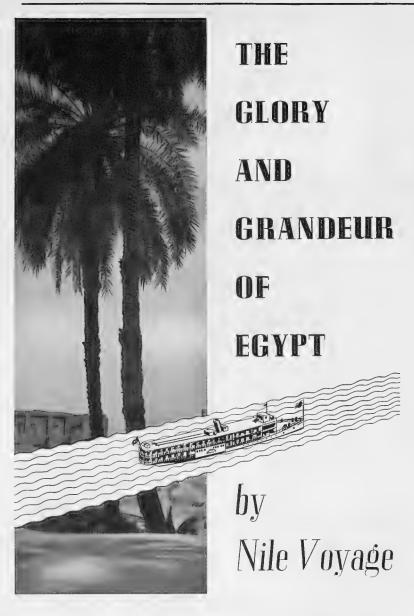
Prices of Steinway Grands—five different models—have been reduced as from 1st Sept., 1937.



STEINWAY & SONS, 1 & 2 GEORGE STREET, CONDUIT STREET, W.1







Upon either bank of the Nile is imperishably written — in pyramid, in tomb and temple - the history of ancient Egypt. As you glide along in your luxurious steamer, you come face to face with this splendid past. Memphis, with its alabaster Sphinx; the strange step Pyramid of Sakkara; the incredible temples of Luxor and Karnak; the Valley of the Tombs of Kings (circa 1700 B.C.); the tomb of that beauteous wife of Rameses, Queen Nefertari; the Colossi of

And at each important stopping-place along the Nile, excursions by camel, car, or donkey, will enable you to visit the places of greatest

Even if you cannot spare the time for the return voyage you can easily take a 'one-way' trip in either direction. This takes ten days and costs only £35 inclusive not only of meals, service and accommodation, but also sightseeing and gratuities. Please write for Cook's folder, 'The Nile Voyage'.

Cairo to Aswan and back Single journey either way £35 (10 days) Aswan-Halfa (2nd cataract)

and back £25 (7 days)

Asyut-Aswan and back £50 (14 days)

* Single journey either way£27.10(7 days) * By s.s. Delta, Feb. 3 & 17 only.

COOKS



Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American

Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours. By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship. By Ship—from New York to Nassau 21

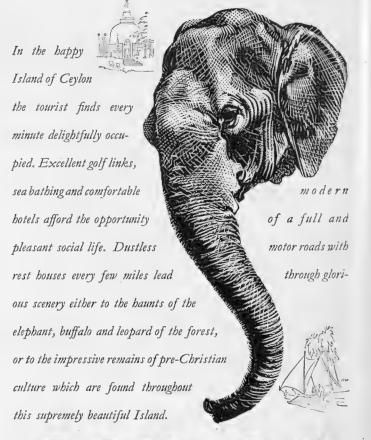
days. By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores

By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

NAME

The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Picca-dilly, W.1.



CEYL

The Trade Commissioner, Room 29, Ceylon House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

'Look at Susan — she's a wonder on the ice'

'I'm looking at her Braemar kit — terribly smart, isn't it?'

Smart women choose Braemar knitwear for active or spectator sports because it *looks* right and *feels* right. Here you see a Braemar Twin Set in Pure Cashmere. The jumper has elbow-length sleeves and a very smart bow-tie collar. The cardigan is the popular short style and has two pockets. This twin set has an interesting raised stitch design which gives an effect of horizontal stripes. The jumper costs 45/6 and the cardigan is 54/6. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Autumn booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

You can get 'Braemar' at most good Stores and Shops

KNITTED SPORTSWEAR

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., Hawick, Scotland; and at Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.I.

Also makers of Braemar Underwear



GORRINGES

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

(Two minutes from Victoria Station)

Phone: VICtoria 86002 (4 lines)











CAMEL HAIR.

E.5. A seven-eight length SWAGGER COAT of super quality camel hair ... In Natural or Navy. Cut on mannish lines with vent at back and lined throughout. Sizes SSW, SW, and W.

7 Gns.

TWEED.

E1. This two-piece SUIT is for golf or country wear, and is tailored in gay mixture Scots tweeds. Lined throughout. Predominating colours are Rust, Green, Blue, or Maroon. Three sizes.

7½ Gns.

A three-quarter length SWAGGER COAT cut on full, swinging lines can be had of similar colours and material to match the suit.

61 Gns.



illy whites OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

90-94, BROMPTON ROAD, KNIGHTSBRIDGE





VANEK'S

LADIES' TAILOR, FURRIER AND DRESSMAKER

Mr. Vanek would welcome visits from Tatler readers to his salon in Wigmore Street. There a complete collection is available of the latest models and also a large range of furs. Excellent and prompt service given to all orders

When at Bournemouth a visit should be made to his branch at Poole Hill

65 WIGMORE ST., W.1

Also Bournemouth
Telephone - Welbeck 4940
French, German, Czech and
Spanish spoken

LYDIA MOSS Polisia



Graceful dressing gown in mulberry coloured flannel, streamlined with strawberry ribbon $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

------ FROM ------

THE LYDIA MOSS

where you can also find luxurious lingerie at reassuring prices —from 2 gns.; negligees from 6 gns.; blouses from $2\frac{1}{2}$ gns.



Lydia Moss invites you to call at her Salon,

96. NEW BOND ST. to see her many attractive models.



MONK SHOES

Bench-built from finely grained, beautifully supple leather, these shoes will see you warmly through Winter's worst weather. Their flexible, hand-welted soles are an invitation to long rambling walks—and after hard, faithful service they'll polish and glow as only fine shoes do. Tan Heather Grain Leather or Brown Reversed Hunting Calf.

Sizes 6-12, wide or medium fittings.

55'-

The Man's Shop Harrods Harrods Lindon SW



dress perfection — conveniently!



"in town to-day"

this season our coats take on a new importance. You will be proud to wear this model with its slender fitted lines and exciting placing of the smartest fur of the year... silky persian lamb. a matching leather belt emphasises the waist line. it is lined throughout with art crepe and is available in all leading shades.

(or 7 monthly payments of 28/6.)

other corot models 2-15 gns.

corot

33, old bond street,

tondon, w.1 regent 0234

Le Tour de France

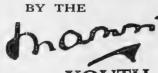


à l'Ecu de France

At London's latest and most couru restaurant, one can enjoy the local dishes of one or other of the gastronomically famous towns of France, prepared from the original recipes perfected by l'Ecu de France in Paris. Accompanying these perfectly cooked regional dinners will be two or three expertly-chosen wines, coffee, brandy or liqueur. It is advisable to book your table in advance.

A L'ECU DE FRANCE
III, JERMYN STREET, S.W.I
Close to Piccadilly Circus
WHITEHALL 2837

PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION



TREATMENT
is guaranteed to make the
Face look 15 years younger

YOUTH v. AGE

A HAPPY YOUTHFUL FACE, is a woman's greatest asset. Would it give you happiness to see it firm again with the contour as it used to be? Make-up on a poor foundation only accentuates defects. Cosmetics applied AFTER the Manners Treatment emphasise the loveliness regained. The tremendous success with which the artistry o. Madame Manners' work has been crowned is due to the fact that she restores the foundation. Those —those SAGGING CHEEKS and NECK—there is only one CERTAIN method of making them disappear PERMANENTLY without discomfort and in ONE VISIT—the Manners Treatment. It is flawless in its perfection. Mme Manners is an ENGLISHWOMAN and with sympathetic understanding, she appreciates the moral uplifting of recaptured youth. That her treatment is proved and reliable is the secret of her continuous success. Her delighted clients—both MEN and WOMEN—give enthusiastic appreciation of her work. Call and see proof of this.

Doctors wiil personally recommend.

Fee from 5 guineas. Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30.

Fee from 5 guineas.

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30. Phone: Regent 2083. MADAME MANNERS, Ltd., 43, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.



Grand-Slam

We occupy the grandest position in Torquay..., at the water's edge and on the level. No hills to walk up for the "run-down." Torbay, one of Europe's grandest panoramas... at your feet.

We cater for autocrats and the active, for lords and the lazy, for Who's Who ... for you. And the personal attention from Mr. Paul, our Manager, begins with your enquiry, continues for your comfort . . . and ends (who knows?) perhaps with the forwarding of some toilet-memento you have left behind as a token of the sadness of leaving. Here the season never ends for the active. Dancing nightly to Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band. Golf, tennis and squash free to residents. For your leisure a new Sun-lounge and for your pleasure an Escoffiertrained chef.

THE

GRAND

TORQUAY

Write or telephone: Torquay 2234.



For the SMALL foundation of taffeta in a contrasting colour 13½ gns.

This charming picture frock is of brown stiffened net and lace over a slim-fitting foundation of taffeta

Debenham&Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd.)



SPECIALISTS SINCE 1878

One of the many thrilling models from our collection of Squirrel - in natural Silver Grey, Marsh Brown or Chocolate Brown.

39 GNS.

(or 12 monthly payments of £3 11s. 8d.)

Any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in twelve equal monthly payments, at an extra charge of only 5% on marked prices. A beautifully illustrated photographic Catalogue will be sent post free on request.

NATIONAL FUR CO.LTD. 191-195 BROMPTON RD.LONDON





ective

STYLE combined with COMFORT



Q.3424. Smart TAB SHOE in CALF, built on lines that will prove popular and comfortable, with medium pointed toe and leather heel.

Blue or Brown. 27/6

U.3664. Latest High-cut COURT SHOE is typical of designs available in the "Bective" range of smart shoes. Made in Brown or Black SUEDE trimmed with Patent

Q.1324. Attractively stitched CALF COURT SHOE. a new design built on the same last as previous mode's, which have been proved for comfort.

Frederick Gorringe Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,

LONDON, S.W.1



Coats of

A Model Coat of briarwood hopsack, expressing the vogue for fur trimming, with a handsome collar and panels of matching squirrel.

Catalogue sent on request

Debenham&Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd.)



n original Bradley model designed in a novelty woollen material with a contrasting checked fabric at neck and waist. It is an ideal gown for wearing under a fur coat, and can be copied to order for 14 gns.

Bradley S Chepstow Place, w. 2.

Langham 4444

To a girl who is fond of strenuous sports It's important to look your best in shorts, But don't despair if at first you find That your torso was certainly not designed To figure in clothes that are rather scanty. The thing for you is a Filmy Pantie, Which holds you tight, yet leaves you free To play the game lightheartedly



For sports wear the Filmy Pantie is unbeatable. It is an excellent partner, guaranteed to rally to your support unfailingly. The bias-stretch woven material of which it is made is firm with your figure, but yielding enough to give you complete freedom. You get extra control from the inset tummy panel. The Pantie (Filmy Thirty) costs 15/9; with detachable crotch and suspenders (Filmy Thirty-One) 21/9.



Filmy Girdle: made of same material and on same principle as Pantie and Corselette. Girdle (Filmy Ten) 12/9, longer model (Filmy Eleven) 15/9-Also in de-luxe satin (Filmy Fourteen) 32/6 and (Filmy Fifteen) 37/6.



Underline the beauty of your evening dresses with a Filmy Corselette. Its smooth surface of bias-stretch material doesn't know how to wrinkle. Corselette (Filmy Twenty) 21/9, also in deluxe satin (Filmy Twenty-Two) 45/-.

Filmy modes are peach-coloured, and you can wash them again and again.

lmy by

Obtainable at good drapers everywhere. Booklet and name of nearest stockist from "W.B." MADDOX HOUSE, 215-221 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)





Direction - I minute from Tottenham Court Road Tube

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

PRICE 2/6 FER COPY

London's most Inexpensive Emporium

OXFORD STREET, W. 1

Perponsible people in good latter.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER.
(Postage 4d, extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE, 32,34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, F.C.4.





TO

AUTUMN

FINGERTIPS



DUSTY ROSE & RUST

These misty, matt-surfaced reds are most precisely blended to crown hands just losing their summer tan, to tone with the dresses of Autumn, and to be in exciting tune with all the varied town and country colours of this 'season of mists '

Women who delight in piquant contrast continue to choose Red Banana, Tulip and Coronation, burning colours with subtle, bluish undertone.

Peggy Sage Preparations, including hand creams and lotions, are sold at special depôts in all leading provincial towns.

PEGGY SAGE

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist
130 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 (at Corner of Grosvenor Street) TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS: 7 Place Vendome NEW YORK: 50 East 57th Street





Woodrow

PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Catalogues on application.



"THE VRANA T." A PRACTICAL SPORTS HAT-Will take any line or roll for packing and not lose its shape. In corduroy velvet, trimmed smart stitched band of contrasting leather 29/6 Stocked in a variety of lovely and fashionable colours.

Ladies' own materials can be used. 3-yard double width or 11-yards single width. Frice

We are now in occupation of our new premises at the corner of Albemarle Street and Piccadilly, facing St. James's Street.

CHOOSE FOR YOUR FUTURE

MOST MAGNIFICENT BUILDING

Inclusive Rentals £100 — £135 Per Annum. (A few flats still available at £90 per annum.)

NELL GWYNN HOUSE offers a more comprehensive and complete range of amenities than are obtainable elsewhere in London. Single-roomed flats, each with private bathroom and kitchenette, with every modern convenience, plus many facilities

exclusive to Nell Gwynn House. A few large tworoomed flats still remaining at from £190 per annum.

Modern Restaurant-Ballroom for 200 patrons, Cocktail and Snack Bar. Club facilities. LIVE in Chelsea's smartest building.

One min. buses everywhere, mins. from two Tube Stations. Within easy walking distance of main shopping centres.

Show flats open every day until 9 p.m.

Call or write for Brochure, to Manager, Letting Office.



SLOANE AVENUE, CHELSEA, S.W.3.

'Phone: Ken. 6095

The firm with a reputation established over 30 years

SPECIALITIES

£6-6-0 COSTUME or COAT

Materials for all occasions and styles.

Every garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. Smee

If unable to call send for S.M. Form with patterns and get the same attention and satisfaction as cthers know all over the world.

Only address:

55 South Molton St., W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 1543

BEAUTY CULTURE FOR THE "NOT - SO - YOUNG"



If you are troubled with Double Chin, Fallen Muscles, Wrinkles Muddy or Sagging Skin.

I will cure them. Send for booklet. Write or cal

ELVERINE 42 GEORGE STREET PORTMAN SQUARE, Y

7el., Welbeck 1901. 26 years' experience is my

Recommended by the Medical Profession. Moderate charges.

NEW! SAFE EASY SLIMMING REDUCE 3-7 lbs. IN 7 DAYS OR MONEY REFUNDED

OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Amazing and really centine new
discovery enables you to Sim safely
and inabily without Prues, Starvine, Exercises or Appliances It
also beautifies the complexion.
Mise "W J." of London, writes "

The doctor saws I have for consulreight now, I have reduced from 10%
5 lbs. to 8 st, 8 lbs. in one month and
for so much better. And dress filts in

Send Height, Weight, and 10/6 for

GLADYS GALLARD (Slimming Specialist)
KEMPE & ROBERTS, Dept. A.T.
(Beauty Culture Specialists), 52, BROOK STREET, W.1.



<u>រាត្រារកម្មាយពីពិធីពេលប្រាក្សា ពេលប្រាក្</u>មប្រជាពេលប្រែក្រក្ ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE TATLER" when replying to their **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

THE REPORTED THE PROPERTY OF T

In sheer!

And so to bed night-gowned in sheerest chiffon with ruched bodice, plaited shoulder straps and lace edging dyed to tone



... and there's a puff-sleeved ruched chiffon jacket to match. Lovely new lingerie shades of Albert blue, Empire gold, Victoria mauve, pink, wine, romany or rose.

Nightgown 3½ Gns. Jacket 3 Gns.

Harrods Ltd London SWI





and now. In Unrerican prock in soft wood cloth, very young in beeling with its short sleeves and turn-over collar-very chic in detail with its contrast belt and clever use of fine tucking In Scot Blue, Oxhcart Wine, Rust, Hemp, Nutrual, Brown, Black. Signs 12 to 20 american shop, second Floor. Press 6 gns.

Selfridge's



b e 109.

Mount Street, W.1.

Gros. 2366

KERSHAW'S BIJOU" THEATRE GLASS



The "Bijou" Theatre Glass—so dainty and compact, is a fitting companion for the smartest occasion. Gives a wide angle field of view, yet misses no detail. Made in eight delightful colours and with Morocco case to 26 match, for the modest price of

May be seen at your dealer's, or full details free on request from SOHO LTD., 3 SOHO SQ., LONDON, W.1

Member Scientific Instrument Manu acturers Association, Gt. Britain.



SEE FOR YOURSELF!

The overcoatings that Burberrys have to show. Every type of rich quality coatings from the very thin to ultra thick; the latest, choicest and most selective colourings and patterns.

YOU WILL ALSO SEE

Overcoats of these rich materials, made as they should be made when connoisseurs are to wear them; overcoats, of the best, for town wear, to those thick and warming which keep one comfortable in the coldest weather on the boat or in the open car.

One point about Burberry Topcoats is most striking:-Lack of weight.

Rich quality wools are always very light, and only firstclass tailors can make a coat and eliminate weight, it takes time and skill; this is so marked that the expert can appraise the quality of workmanship immediately he lifts the coat.

Patterns and prices sent on mention of "The Tatler."

BURBERRYS LTD. LONDON SW1

that express the very latest fashions with entrancing loveliness shaped from superb pelts by the leading furriers of the world . . . a glory to see and a delight to wear . . . Furs by Woollands.



Natural sheared Beaver Swagger Coat 135 Gns. made from fine quality light-weight pelts

Finely Illustrated FUR BOOK Sent Post Free on Application.

Tel. Sloan: 4545



"VALERIE"

The hand embroidery on this Dress of Purple light weight Woollen material gives charm and distinction for the Autumn.

Size, Hips 36, 38

 $8\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

Size, Hips 40, 10/6 extra

This model can be copied in White, Nigger, Bottle, Navy, Black, etc.

COULSON

Linen Specialists
105 NEW BOND ST.,
LONDON, W.1

Buy your Furs Wholesale — It pays

Come to the City and compare our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

DON'T pay exorbitant prices for your furs. Come to the City and buy direct from the actual makers at lowest WHOLESALE PRICE—all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated—thus our customers obtain their furs at "First Price" securing the finest possible value in finest furs.

NEW WINTER CATALOGUE gladly sent free on request.

Luxurious full-length coat in fine quality NATURAL MINK from selected dark skins City Price 298 gns.
Sent on Approval



ity Fur Store WHERE FINE FURS COST LESS

Not a shop - Showrooms first floor - Half minute from St. Paul's Station



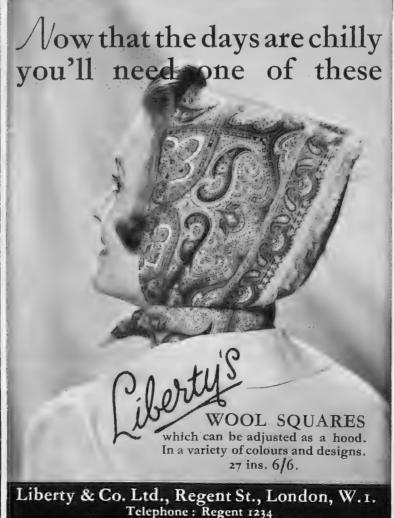
for your hair-

Why not keep your hair always as lovely and neat as it is now? It's so easy, you know—if you wear the Venida (Invisible) Hair Net. Its tested strands keep every wave in its natural position... keep your hair always looking its best.

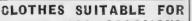




Made to match every shade of hair, In Single or Double Mesh, 6½d, each (2 for 1/-) Grey and While 1/- each, Also Venida BUN NETS, with or wilhout elastic, in all co'ours, 2½d, each, From Boots the Chemists, and all leading Stores and Perfumers, If any difficulty, write to Venida Ltd., 60, Poland Street, London, W.1.









ALL OCCASIONS.

THE REGENT DRESS CO. (Ladies' Dept.) always have their showrooms tooked with the Right Clothes. Created by SCH14PARELL! CHANEL. etc. Our prices 1 to 8 Gns. (approx.) original coeth. To be well turned out is every smart woman's desire, and each ensemble, from the delectable Evening Frock to the trim Intile Tailored Suit. has that distinct cut and perfection in detail which hiersentant to the well-dressed woman.

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1 afe Monico) Gerrard 7326

(Next door to Caje Monico) Gerrard 7320 GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT (NEW CAYLLE ROW DRESS, LOUNG SUIT), OVERCOATS, etc.) UN SECOND CLOR.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, NÆVI, WARTS, Etc.,

permanently removed without injury to the skin. Mrs. Frazer Brown successfully treats these blemishes by the latest scientific method and is recommended by leading doctors. Free consultations and moderate fees. MRS. FRAZER BROWN. 71, New Bond St. Tel.: Maylair 1483.

one shilling

TO INSURE YOUR CHIC

YOUR most expensive buying season is at hand. The furs, the winter coats, the formal day clothes for this time of year, the grand evening things these are the items that really mount up. Isn't it sensible, then - isn't it the most elementary form of wisdom to take expert advice before you make your choice? Particularly when this advice costs only a shilling!

THE Winter Fashions number of Vogue, out today, completes

the season's story of fashion in page after page of distinguished models from the leading couturiers - of clever selections for medium priced shopping — of "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes". This last including a comprehensive winter budget for the woman about town who must dress on a £50 expenditure.

INVEST your shilling in this issue of Vogue before you go out to spend your guineas. Study its pages well. Then you will be sure that the clothes you buy will represent the coming mode. That they will give satisfaction in chic, and service in long fashion life. And that they won't include any of those buying mistakes which no woman can afford, whatever her allowance, but which everyone is so apt to make unless has the most experienced guidance.

winter fashions number of



Suit in Angora

"Violette." A Continental Wool Suit in Angora. Well tailored and finished with self scarf. In all new Autumn colours. Hip sizes: 44 to 50 ins.

Full Sizes: Third Floor.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.I. 'Phone: Regent 1616



ROWES

LITTLE BLUE BOOK

If you wish to see how entertaining and instructive a price list can be, ask for a copy of Rowes Little Blue Book.

Although small in bulk—the size of a wafer pocket book—Rowes Little Blue Book will give you complete information upon what Boys and Girls wear upon every possible occasion—and what such things cost in really satisfactory qualities.

IT IS A BOOK FOR THE HOME LIBRARY Sent free on request



106 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. I



THE TATLER

VASCO'S STEAM-POINT-WINDING PERMANENT-WAVING-INVENTION



A superb variation after Vasco's famous page boy fashion—Xmas, 1936

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS :-

We Permanently Wave hair with a MACHINELESS process whereby a "Tin Foil" and a "Pad" produces the necessary heat. It is used only when advised by our experts. T.V. Ltd.

If unable to come to London: Mr. VASCO will soon market his STEAM-POINT-WINDING machine to all approved hairdressers.

IS incomparable for rendering lasting waves and curls, even on the shortest hair, and we guarantee them to be better than the natural for keeping set . . . and VASCO'S GENIUS for CREATING INDIVIDUAL HAIR STYLES IS truly INIMITABLE.



Vasco Creation for the Autumn Season. Both models' hair previously permed with STEAM-POINT-WINDING

Mons. VASCO designs individual Coiffures and gives consultations on any subject relating to hair free of charge.

T. VASCO Ltd., 16 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1

Celebrated throughout the world as innovators of hair fashions and specialists in permanent waving, hair tinting and bleaching. Makers of supernatural head coverings in any desired style or designed by Mons. VASCO. Trichologists for the treatment of hair and scalp disorders; personal consultations or by post, free.

Beauty Culture, Manicure and Chiropody. Brochure on application.

ક

THE NATION REQUIRES PHYSICAL FITNESS

begins with

The fit of the shoe is the foundation on which to build bodily fitness. only possible where the shoe is correctly and carefully fitted. Selberite Arch Preservers are fitted from the heel to the ball of the foot, and there are different types for every individual Arch Curve. Each type of Selberite Arch Preserver is stocked in seven different fittings, besides which they alone possess the three patented features illustrated and explained below.



THE THREE CARDINAL FEATURES

1. The modern high heel leaves the foot arch without support.

Selberite Arch Preservers put a strong invisible bridge under this vital arch.



2. The inner sole of most shoes is curved, squeezing toes and joints together. You walk in a trough.

The inner sole is flat in Selberite Arch Preservers. You walk as nature intended.



3. The raised heel throws your weight forward, putting an unnatural strain on the forward (or metatarsal) arch.

A scientifically placed pad in Selberite Arch Preservers relieves the strain at this point and prevents calluses, etc







Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with a Catalogue of new styles, to:—

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office): 53, REGENT ARCADE HOUSE,





1/- 1/6

The 1/6 size is fitted with a sprinkler top.

The SAFEGUARD

and at 123 Deansgate, Manchester 3.

Recommended by Doctors and Nurses for over 60 years.

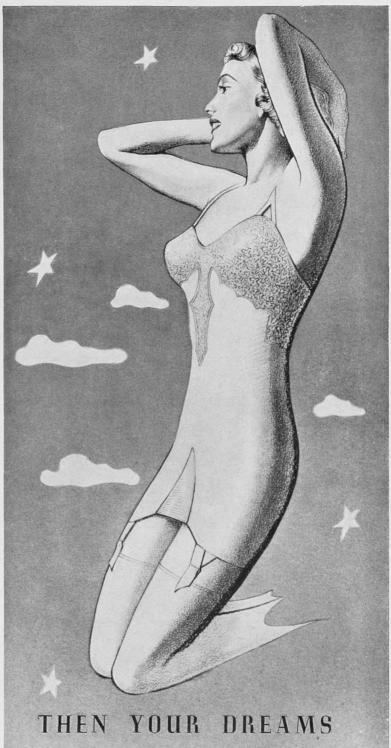
No. 1896, October 27, 1937]



A striking afternoon gown in wool crêpe appliquéd with velvet. The exclusive buttons add an interesting contrast. In cactus rose, blue, brown and black. $8\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. Hips 36-42.

LIBERTY'S NEW SHOWROOMS for INEXPENSIVE DRESSES are Now Open on the First Floor in Regent Street.

LIBERTY & CO. LTD., Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone: REGENT 1234.



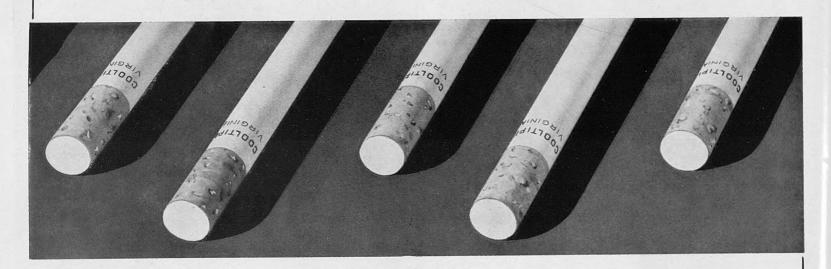
COME TRUE...

Support at its loveliest and easiest, culminating in the figure at its best-that's FLEXEES. Slightest of lovely garments, FLEXEES has a most marvellous way with unruly lines. Choose your type and your style and leave the rest to FLEXEES. Soon laxness goes and lissomness comes . . . those dreams of loveliness come true. You can find your own FLEXEES at any good store.

REGENT STREET LONDON



"Any news?" "Yes-COOLTIPT" "Cool?"



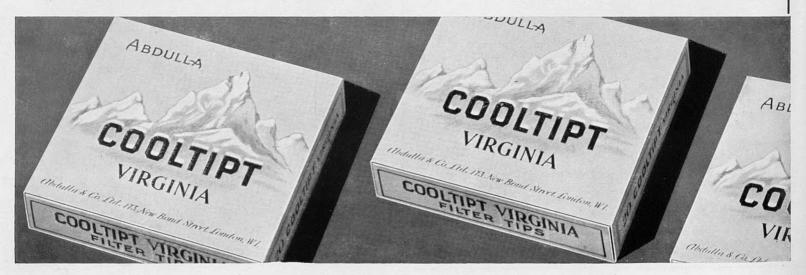
IT'S THE *WOOL THAT COOLS

At last! Abdulla has found the way to give you a perfect smoke that's a sensible smoke. Cooltapt Virginia have special absorbent *wool tips which act as "nonconductors" to the heat of smoke and burning paper. Tests show they're twice as efficient as ordinary filters! And — much more important — flavour's unimpaired. Choicest Virginia leaf — thoroughly well packed — drawing sweetly and costing you what you want to pay. Smoke sensibly and with satisfaction. Smoke Cooltipt—

20 for 1/- **10 for 6d.** 50 for 2/6d.

MADE BY ABDULLA & CO. LTD., 173, NEW BOND ST., W.1.

* Pure absorbent cotton-wool.



BRITISH HOTELS

MODERNITY plus TRANQUILLITY

modern . . . 120-foot sun lounge, famous chef, 100 Redecorated centrally heated rooms with hot and cold water, fully licensed, lift, garage. Medical baths and winter games nearby. Modern ?-Yes, but with all the pleasant quiet and traditional graciousness that one associates with-a past and happier time. Here, in the Royal Victoria Hotel, kings have shown their appreciation of its charm and comfort. From 41 gns. weekly. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

BEAUPORT PARK HOTEL

GOLFING

Between Battle and Hastings.

Estate 1,400 acres.

RIDING (own stables)

TENNIS · SHOOTING, Etc.

Phone: BALDSLOW 222/3-Extensions in all rooms.

OUIET AND QUALITY...

Quiet in its atmosphere—exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliffs with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on the five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift Garage for 40 cars. T. A. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Felephone: Cantord Cliffs 797-8

Telegrams: "Salubritas, Bournemouth."

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

Imperial Hotel BOURNEMOUTH

Famed for hospitality and comfort

SPACIOUS GARAGE

Write for illustrated brochure

of the Leas . In the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an autumn holiday or winter residence In the lee of the Leas

PRINCES HOTEL - FOLKESTONE

The essential details—Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central Heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666.

The English Lake District is unique for scenery. Its leading hotel is the KESWICK

at Keswick-on-Derwentwater. Every modern convenience.

J. & M. Wivell & Son. Resident Proprietors.



Write a 'Phone for Tariff to Manager, A SCAGNO

DORMANS PARK HOTEL

AN HOTEL OF DISTINCTION. ONE HOUR FROM TOWN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS. RESTFUL ATMOSPHERE

An Ideal Spot to make a stay or pass a pleasant evening.

Nr. Ashdown and Copthorne Golf Courses

BOOK FOR A GOOD XMAS.

OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS, FULLY LICENSED. DANCING.

OCTOBER to MAY, 4 gns. MAY to END of SEPT., 51 gns. inclusive. Week-end terms, 1 riday (Dinner) to Monday (Breakfast) 45/-, no extras.

Own Farm's Produce. "Phone: Dormans Fark 335

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering (3,000 f.a.s.l., 1½ hrs. from Vienna).— Suedbahn Hotel.—The centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim-pool.

FRANCE

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Quiet, sheltered, large sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-; or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.-Hotel Montfleury.-Full sth., mod. Bath, tel., each rm. Large park o'looking Cannes & sea. 2 mins. bustown & Casino. G. Tamme, Mgr. Dir.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Bristol and Majestic.—200 rms., 80 baths, facing sea, bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in hotel. Full board from 60 Frs. on.

Monte-Carlo,—Le Grand Hotel,—350 rooms, 280 bath, Entirely renovated 1934. Moderate terms. Open all year, Monte-Carlo,—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—First-class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all the year. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.

All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea.

Moderate rates.

Monte Carlo,—Hotel Terminus Palace,—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax from 4 gns., with priv. bath 45.

FRANCE-continued

Villefranche-s-Mer.—Hotel Provencal.—40 rooms full south sea view, gard. Every comfort Pens. 7/- Same Direct., Victoria, Beaulieu-s-Mer.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden,—Bühlerhohe,—800 mt, (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium, Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Co.ogne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., gar., cent., quiet sit., home fr.home. Incl. tms. fr. RM. 7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Leipzig.-Hotel Astoria.-The lates and most peri, hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis, Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hol.,—World-rnd. Finest position opp. Park & Opera, Wiesbaden Springs. Pat, best Brit. Socty. Pens. fr. 12 Mks.

SWITZERLAND

Locarno.—Grand Hotel Palace.—In quiet central location, overlooking lake large park, pension from Frs. 13.

CHEZ KORNILOFF — PARIS (Etoile)

6, rue d'Armaillé (extension of Avenue Carnot, 3rd Building.) Famous French-Russian Restaurant.

Specialities: GROUSE, ETC. BLINI, CAVIAR, CÔTELETTES KORNILOFF,



Every day more men change to Nufix. Nufix is made from a base of valuable natural vegetable oils of guaranteed purity. For hair health and a well-groomed appearance the natural choice of every man is NUFIX.

No Gum-No Soap-No Fermeating Grease. Bottles 6d., 1/- and 1/6. Tubes 1/-. Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.



Walden & Co. (Nufix), Ltd., Nufix Works, London, N. W.9

NUFIX keeps all-ways perfect

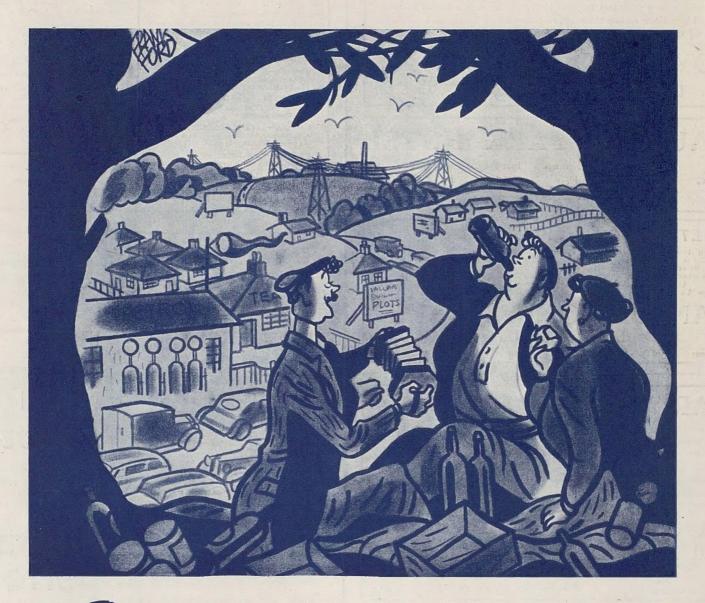


HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!
Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment, Permanent, Painless and Perfectly (afe, 13jos' free, Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. "Phone, Western 4018.
HELEN LAWRENCE, 91, Earl's Court Rd., 1 ondon, W.8

Private CASH Advances By W. H. DURHAM, LIMITED, 14. Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913

£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

England, my England!



BEHOLD this corner of our quiet land, this hallowed haunt of immemorial peace, this—all right, but you must just let us say that woven into the very fabric of this dear realm of ours, this precious stone set in—that one of our most glorious possessions is—oh, well, that Greys are very good cigarettes.

THE GEYS CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD